Saturday Review

AUDIO FAIR

SECTION

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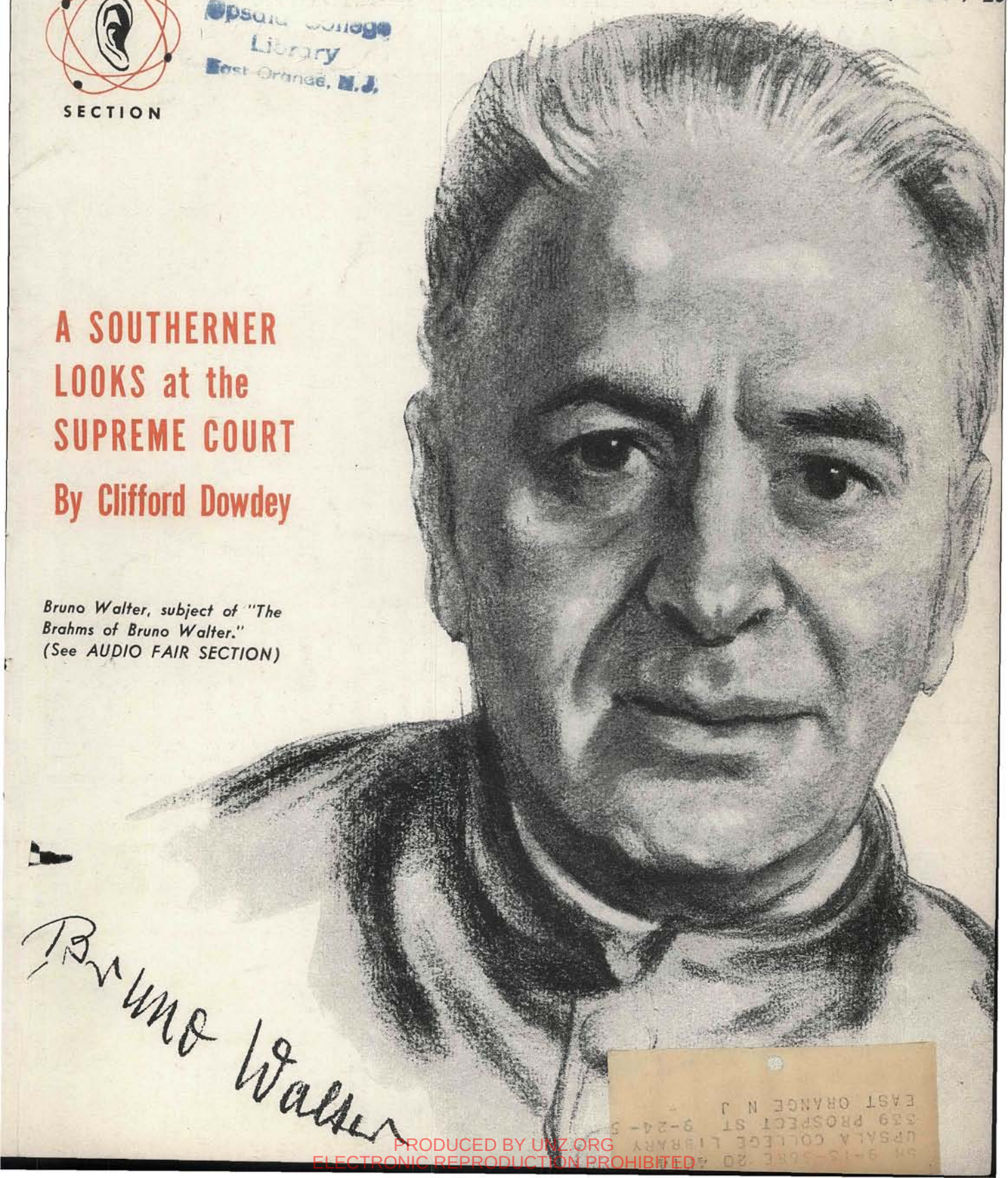
OCTOBER 9, 1954 / 20

A SOUTHERNER LOOKS at the SUPREME COURT

By Clifford Dowdey



Bruno Walter, subject of "The Brahms of Bruno Walter." (See AUDIO FAIR SECTION)

Bruno Walter

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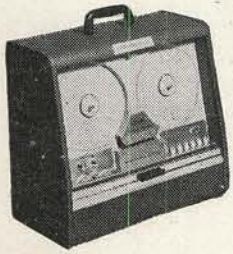

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SR's Library Poll

PROBABLY the original appeal of "The Egyptian" (#6 on this week's list) was that many Americans hadn't previously thought of Egyptians as human; in the book they undergo surgery, riot in the streets, speak in casual vernacular, and make love—just as if they weren't three thousand years dead. This lively effect is heightened on the screen when Michael Wilding, Jean Simmons, and Victor Mature impersonate Egyptians, momentarily resuscitating the year-old novel.

TITLE AND AUTHOR

1. **I'll Cry Tomorrow**
   by Lillian Roth, Mike Connolly, and Gerold Frank (G)*
2. **Not As a Stranger**
   by Morton Thompson (F)**
3. **A Child of the Century**
   by Ben Hecht (G)
4. **Mary Anne**
   by Daphne du Maurier (F)
5. **Sweet Thursday**
   by John Steinbeck (F)
6. **The Egyptian**
   by Mika Waltari (F)
7. **The Power of Positive Thinking**
   by Norman Vincent Peale (G)
8. **Love Is Eternal**
   by Irving Stone (F)
9. **The Dollmaker**
   by Harriette Arnow (F)
10. **TNT—The Power Within You**
    by Claude Bristol (G)
11. **A Fable**
    by William Faulkner (F)
12. **Cell 2455, Death Row**
    by Caryl Chessman (G)
13. **But We Were Born Free**
    by Elmer Davis (G)
14. **Magnificent Obsession**
    by Lloyd C. Douglas (F)
15. **Minutes of the Last Meeting**
    by Gene Fowler (G)
16. **The Royal Box**
    by Frances Parkinson Keyes (F)
17. **Madame de Pompadour**
    by Nancy Mitford (G)
18. **Forty Plus and Fancy Free**
    by Emily Kimbrough (G)
19. **Never Victorious, Never Defeated**
    by Taylor Caldwell (F)
20. **I Led Three Lives**
    by Herbert A. Philbrick (G)

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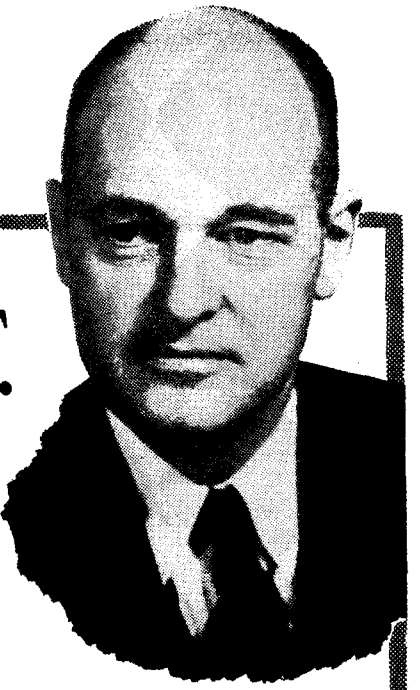
* (G)—General
** (F)—Fiction



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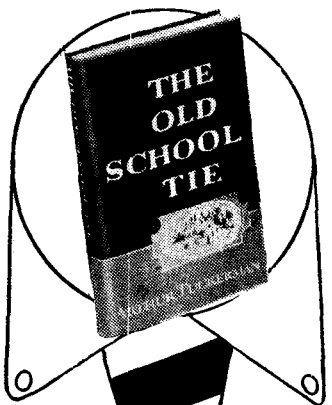

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The Saturday Review

OCTOBER 9, 1954

Cover Drawn from Life by Allen Hermes

SR/IDEAS

9 A Southerner Looks at the Supreme Court, by Clifford Dowdey

11 How Bad is the Big Book Business? by Curtis G. Benjamin

24 The Language War: An Editorial

41 The Brahms of Bruno Walter, by Edward Cushing

SR/BOOKS

12 MacArthur: 1941-1951, by Maj. Gen. Charles A. Willoughby and John Chamberlain
An Essay-Review by S. L. A. Marshall

13 The Appeals of Communism, by Gabriel A. Almond
Reviewed by Martin Ebon

14 Indonesia, by Marguerite Harmon Bro
Reviewed by Robert Payne

15 Reunion, by Merle Miller
Reviewed by Al Hine

16 High Water, by Richard Bissell
Reviewed by Thomas E. Cooney

16 The Blackboard Jungle, by Evan Hunter
Reviewed by Nathan Rothman

17 Katherine, by Anya Seton
Reviewed by Thomas Caldecot Chubb

18 An Armada of Thirty Whales, by Daniel G. Hoffman
The Vegetable Kingdom, by Padraic Colum
The Dancing Bears, by W. S. Merwin
An Essay-Review by Gerard Previn Meyer

19 In the Cold Country, by Barbara Howes
Angel of Accidence, by Peter Kane Default
Reviewed by Dudley Fitts

20 Susan B. Anthony, by Katharine Anthony
Reviewed by Helen Beal Woodward

21 Melbourne, by Lord David Cecil
Reviewed by George Dangerfield

22 The Heart of O. Henry, by Dale Kramer
Reviewed by Warren Bower

23 Goalposts in Covers
An Essay-Review by Al Silverman

SR/DEPARTMENTS

5 Trade Winds, by Bennett Cerf

22 Literary Crypt

25 Letters to the Editor

26 Broadway Postscript, by Henry Hewes

27 Literary I.Q.

28 Booked for Travel, by Horace Sutton

33 New Editions, by Ben Ray Redman

41 *SR*'s Audio Fair Section

43 Music to My Ears, by Irving Kolodin

67 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1072

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TRADE Winds

A FRIEND OF MINE in New London, Connecticut, whose home was in the direct path of the recent devastating Hurricane Carol, tells me that, as is so often the case, the anticipation was infinitely more frightening and nerve-jarring than the reality. An old Navy man, he had been alerted to the danger well in advance by friends at the submarine base, and had battened down his hatches long before the first gale winds began to blow.

Then he braced himself against a giant oak on his front lawn and experienced a savage kind of exaltation

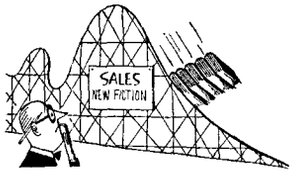
as the elements raged around him. He even felt a vague sense of let-down when the winds abated.

I thought about my New London friend when I returned from vacation and ran into a couple of the country's leading entrepreneurs in the paperback publishing field. The reckoning that they had been fearing so long—the inevitable debacle caused by reckless over-guarantees on run-of-the-mill books and even more heedless overprintings designed to crowd the competition off the stands—had hit full force during the summer months. One important imprint sank with scarcely a trace and others are being kept barely breathing with oxygen, tape, spit, and the hope that springs eternal. Dull thumps you might have heard from time to time were heads rolling in the dust. And do you recall the daring young man who, less than two years ago, was promising to revolutionize the industry, making original publishers and other paperbook operators look like a cross between morons and vultures in the process? Ever so quietly he has been forced to slash his guarantees and make his royalty-rate conform precisely with that of his competitors, to stay in business at all. The agents, critics, and trade-paper analysts who echoed his original claims so lustily have been singularly reticent to broadcast the one serious flaw that developed in the plan: it simply didn't work.

And yet the survivors are strangely serene and optimistic. They agree that the purge in their industry was needed, that already a pickup in sales is being recorded in key areas. With the weaker elements eliminated, and the pornographic corps torsoed into the ash heap, the survivors can prosper mightily by giving the public good, decent literature at the lowest price in the history of American publishing. The storm has subsided, the wreckage is cleared away, and the future looks rosy again!

THE NEXT LONG "agonizing re-appraisal" that confronts the publishing fraternity is the end-effect of the new "abridged books" deluge. *The Reader's Digest* operation is now flirting with the two-million mark, poised to launch an edition in Great Britain, and thinking seriously of invading the French market as well. Already the lead book in any issue is in line for a windfall of over a hundred thousand dollars—more by far than any book club handed out in its heydey. The two other condensation projects are still far behind the *Digest*, but just beginning to roll. The sums any of them pay for rights go far to compensate for the sharp drop in guarantees being offered by the paperback boys. The favored publishers and authors can thank their stars for this new source of revenue.

But what about the great majority of authors—often those who, though they may lack the popular touch, give promise of becoming the best novelists—whose books are tapped by neither the digesters nor the reprinters? With sales of new fiction still



tobogganing, these authors are in a precarious state indeed—and so are the long-beleaguered retail booksellers who have no gimmicks or giant giveaways to hypo their sales figures.

Something—or somebody's—got to give!

SCIENCE-FICTION devotees shouldn't overlook an off-beat motion picture about a breed of monstrous ants who threaten to exterminate the human race—until good old Edmund Gwenn comes to the rescue. It's called "Them," but Peter Windsor insists

NOTES *from* CALIFORNIA

▶ The Association of American University Presses each year displays a selection of its publications at different conferences around the country. The nearest press sets up the exhibit of books sent by the others. This presents something of a problem. People wandering by ask searching questions of the hapless wretch in charge—who has never before seen any of the books save those from his own press. This is particularly difficult at medical meetings where titles and terminology are highly specialized.

▶ In sending books to a recent medical meeting, we included **Michele Barbi's "Life of Dante,"** translated and edited by Paul G. Ruggiers ($3.00), the first English translation of the most authoritative introduction to Dante in print. Barbi was Italy's leading Dante scholar. His *Vita, opere e fortuna*, first published in 1933, is a compact combination of the best of the early commentators with the findings of modern research.

▶ After each exhibit, the press in charge makes a report. In the one on the medical meeting we read: "The sales of California's *Life of Dante* has me baffled; there's no telling just what sort of books will interest these doctors." This made us feel smug. Doctors do not *always* read medical books and know a good thing when they see it.

▶ At a later medical meeting, interest was shown in **Art and Visual Perception,** by Rudolf Arnheim ($10.00), which tells what to look for in art in the light of modern psychology. It seems that many doctors are artists in their spare time. They also made our **Insects Close Up,** by Edward S. Ross ($1.50), the best-seller of that exhibit. This little book with its many remarkable illustrations, eight of which are in color, tells how to become a collector and photographer of insects.

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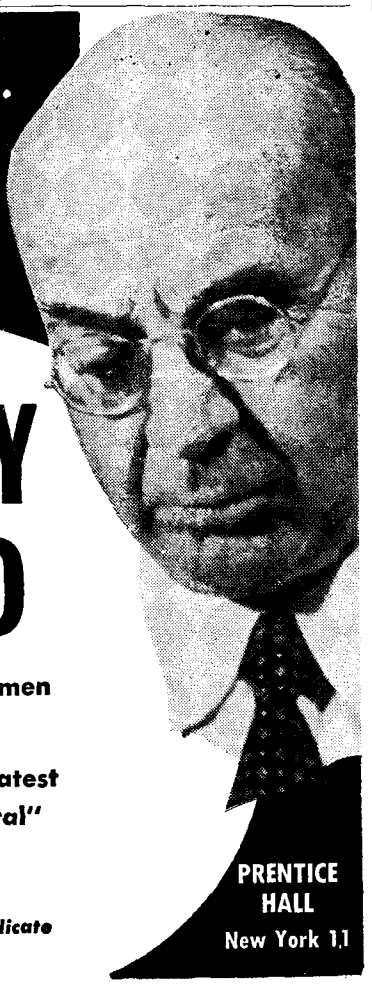

MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED

He chased causes the way he chased women . . . the easiest were always the best.

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— JOHN BARKHAM, *Saturday Review Syndicate*

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PRENTICE HALL
New York 11

that a sign on a Brooklyn marquee heralded it as "Dem". . . . It was a Brooklyn author, too, who informed Al Buck, "No more gambling for me! It's spoiled my whole life. I'm through with it forever—as soon as the trotting races are over a week from next Friday!" . . . Mike Connolly, visiting Cardinal Spellman's office, directly across the avenue from where this column is being written, avers solemnly that there are two "in" baskets on His Eminence's desk marked, respectively, "Sacred" and "Top Sacred". . . . Bernardine Scherman, tuning in to hear Cecil Woodham-Smith, who wrote "The Reason Why," make her radio debut in New York, was mildly astonished when the M.C. announced cheerily, "And now a word

Duplication

By Carleton Drewry

I, PEERING through my window, see
The birds' returning to the tree,
The leaves' replacement on the bough.
Dead springs renew another now.
The original season comes to pass
Again through this familiar grass.

The first clouds form back in the sky,
And the same wind goes blowing by
Till I can hear one wind unwind
Old wires rerunning out of mind,
And sense within one sequent flowing
The cycle of all coming—going.

Now in the earth's apparent change
Which renders every season strange,
While past my windowpane I see
This change continue changelessly,
All is but repetition struck
Like years upon the world's round clock.

I find in every populous place
Facsimilies of my own face,
Through all these separate selves that are
Similar and yet singular,
In figures moving in the square
Myself repeated everywhere.

So with all beings bearing name,
Split, but essentially the same,
And indivisible from their kind
As air from earth, as thought from mind.
So the least thing assumes for all,
One bird to sing, one leaf to fall

From source, one sky, one sun, one earth,
One body to beget one birth.
The pulse life is repeated with
Runs down to duplicated death.
In the singularity we seek
Each is, yet nothing is, unique.

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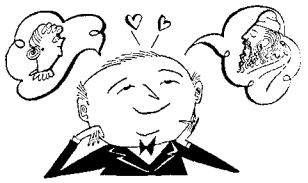
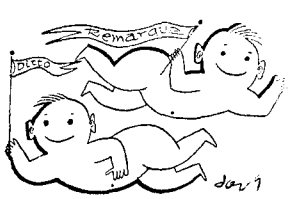
from the author of 'The Light Brigade Rides Again'!" . . . For what it may be worth to you, an NAM bulletin reveals that the United States Government owns 1.4 per cent of Texas, 45.4 per cent of California (how's that again?), and 86.8 per cent of Nevada (not including the Sands Hotel in Las Vegas).

"I THINK I KNOW what my customers are looking for in a novel," disclosed Lil Friedman, astute buyer at Brentano's. "It's the same thing I'm looking for: a book I can finish." . . . Frank Brookhouser reports that David Grubb, author of "Night of the Hunter," does his writing at a desk used by Robert Louis Stevenson in Samoa. Grubb found it hidden away in Sessler's Book Store in Philadelphia, bought it on the spot, and spent the next two days hunting for a secret drawer. No soap. Incidentally, Lillian Gish, an old favorite of this department, will play a leading role in the movie version of "Night of the Hunter." . . . Merwin Holtzman insists



that a uxorious geometrician of his acquaintance was distinctly heard humming, "I love, I love, I love my wife, but O Euclid." . . . A persistent writer, determined to crack one of the slick four-million-a-month fem magazines, got eleven rejection slips in a row. The last one irked him to a point where he mailed in a pint of his blood, suggesting a hasty transfusion to relieve chronic editorial anemia. Back it came with this note attached: "Sorry: wrong type."

TO GIVE KIP FADIMAN'S story validity, I ask you to believe that Erich Maria Remarque, author of "A Time to Love and a Time to Die," had a brother who looked forward eagerly to becoming a father. A nurse interrupted his pacing to tell him it was an eight-pound boy. "Magnificent," he cried—and was still exulting when the nurse came back to report that another son had just been born. The father regis-



tered blank astonishment, then told the nurse coldly, "That second Remarque was uncalled for."

—BENNETT CERF.

From a love letter written by ORVILLE PRESCOTT*

"Dear Phyllis,

The reason I like your poetry so much (at least one of the reasons) is that you seem to enjoy writing it and you obviously hope that people will enjoy reading it. We are stunned with admiration for your dazzling technical skill, the deft perfection with which you dance around among so many poetic forms. . . .

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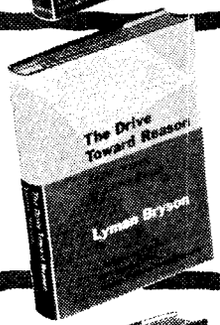

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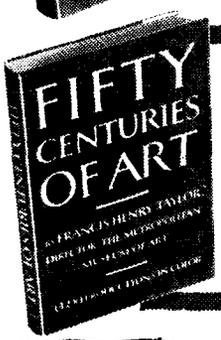

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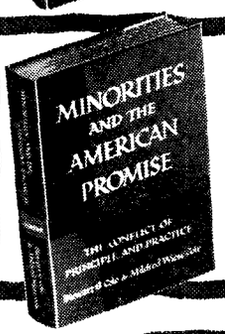

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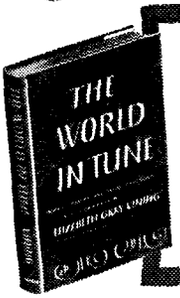

Elizabeth Gray Vining's

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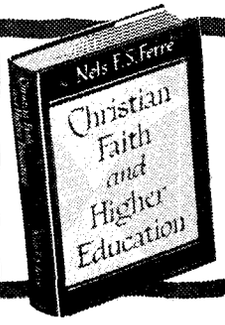

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By NELS F. S. FERRÉ

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The Saturday Review

OCTOBER 9, 1954

A SOUTHERNER LOOKS AT THE SUPREME COURT

. . . but the Klan will not ride

EDITOR'S NOTE: On May 17, 1954, the Supreme Court of the United States repudiated in a sweeping, unanimous decision the generations-old practice of racial segregation in the public-school systems of some American communities. This historic decision cannot be considered apart from the laborious overhaul of a whole social apparatus which it may require. Recognizing the combustibility of the issue, *SR* is presenting, this week and next, two opposing opinions. That most Northerners have taken a stand which permits the North to indulge its idealism while condemning the South to severe disruption is the theme of Clifford Dowdey's article this week. Mr. Dowdey is a born-and-schooled Richmonder, but as historian and novelist he has worked in the North, for Northern newspapers, and published in Northern journals. Next week Mr. Dowdey's conclusions will be examined by Fred Rodell, professor of law at Yale University, and author of numerous articles on constitutional and social subjects.

By CLIFFORD DOWDEY

THE first reaction in the South to the Supreme Court's decision on segregation was one of studied calm. Though vestigial demagogues responded as their constituents expected them to, their intemperate blasts bore no more relation to the problems to be solved than the pious hosannas uttered by Northern politicians in the name of democracy.

The educated Southerner is well aware of the considerations of world politics which were involved in this decision: he strongly suspects that these considerations much influenced the unanimity of the Court, and he declines the role of obstacle to "the march of human freedom." At the same time, he is equally aware that "the historic decision" related to America's world position as an abstraction and to himself in the complex details of a very old reality.

Outside of the South irresponsible pharisees ("thank God, I'm not as other men") could display their own humanity by applauding this step toward "equality," but the Southerner has seldom been able to afford this luxury of self-approbation. Since his is a section where the white and black races co-exist in a single society, only the Southerner is forced to consider the practical appli-

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cation of a dictum which involves the minutiae of two parallel communities under one roof. For the practical application of the Court's decision only superficially concerned schools.

In the humane words of Chief Justice Warren, the decision said, "Today education is perhaps the most important function of state and local governments. . . . Today it is a principal instrument in awakening the child to cultural values . . . and *in helping him to adjust to a normal environment.*" (Not Warren's italics.)

Now, in the South the normal environment of the white child is white and the normal environment of the colored child is colored. A mixed school would not help the student of either race to adjust to his normal environment, since no mixed environment exists. If the Court's ukase were executed the effect would be to create a new mixed environment. Such a black-and-white environment would destroy the two parallel societies that have painfully evolved over the past century in the South, and produce an environment that is unique in America.

I think it is safe to say that, confronted by no matter what mandate, the Southerner will attempt to continue the two parallel societies. He will look at the North, where segregation is illegal, and simulate what the North has done whenever confronted by a similar density of colored population. He will evade the law much in the manner that the Eighteenth Amendment was evaded, where the evasions were determined by individual conditions. For there is no single Southern attitude toward the Negro any more than there was a single American attitude toward Prohibition.

The only single Southern attitude —in which he can find no difference from the rest of the country—is that he wants to live in a white society. It is not this desire that differentiates him from his fellow-Americans, but the peculiar circumstances of his total society, and the hereditary conditioning of his historical circumstance. Other sections have never faced the problem of a mixed society. Whenever a community has accumulated a density of colored population the problem has been tacitly evaded by the creation of "black belts," as in New York and Chicago. Where individual Negroes formed any sizable percentage of a school, even in the excellent public-school system of New York, families who could afford to immediately moved their children to private schools or moved themselves to suburbs. Church congregations have manifested the greatest reluctance to amalgamation, and many old-line places of worship have remained steadfast islands of whites in mixed communities; often churches have been abandoned entirely to Negroes. In living terms, the low percentage of Negro population in the majority of Northern communities has made it possible for the white to preen himself on his abstract humanity and lack of discriminatory laws, while practising *de facto* segregation.

NOW that "de-segregation" has been made national policy, the Southerner will have to achieve the same *de facto* segregation within his society without the balm of moral unction. But he has developed a high degree of tolerance to living under the lash of moral superiority and, as with problems thrust upon him for the past hundred years, he will struggle with pragmatic solutions from day to day, in a continuing flux of shift and change in the total structure.

Despite all the worn cliches, to the average Southerner the problem has never been the individual Negro. Without publicity, individual Negroes now attend Southern educational institutions such as the Medical College in Richmond and the Virginia Episcopal Seminary, and Southerners going North to college or to live readily adjust to customs involving individual Negroes. On the other hand, Northern families moving South develop quick antipathies for the Negro in mass and—after experiences with colored house-servants—damn the Negro character in the bitterest denunciations. The point is that *de facto* segregation in the South presents problems that are different in kind from other sections and different in degree within the South.

It is commonplace for people to say, "Of course Mississippi is different," with a 45 per cent Negro population; but there is no norm, no average of colored population. In Virginia colored-school enrolment varies from less than 5 per cent in western counties to as high as 80 per cent in eastern counties; Richmond stands between with a 40 per cent colored-school population in a total population in which every third person is a Negro.

Neither the school with one colored student in twenty nor with one white student to four Negroes would prepare children for a normal Southern environment. The one Negro in twenty students would be more typical of Northern environments, while the one white child in five would be typical of no environment ever known in modern America. More typical of the average, statistical Southern environment would be the two colored children to three whites. This would represent truly "a mixed class" (as opposed to a white class which included several Negroes), and would be more representative of the new, mixed environment for which these children would be prepared in the South—though such an environment would exist nowhere else.

The fact of these varying densities of mixed population within the South immediately reduces the Court decision from the nobility of an abstraction to chaos in detail. The Southern white relates to the Negro differently according to the density, according to the history of density, and according to individual circumstances. The educated Southerner who has always related to the Negro as a servant in his home, for in-

(*Continued on page* 35)

—*Hayme in* The Greensboro (N. C.) Daily News.

"Now, if you all will just quiet down!"

—*Word in the* Richmond News-Leader.

"Taking the High Road."

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HOW BAD IS THE BIG BOOK BUSINESS?

By CURTIS G. BENJAMIN, *president of the McGraw-Hill Book Company, who claims that book "big business" is really "small business," and doesn't hurt anyone anyway.*

THROUGH the ages the common man has been put and kept in his place by his betters. But—in the enlightened and emotional climate of American democracy—for the past three decades it has been intellectually fashionable in America to lambast Big Business (the "betters") at every opportunity. Americans want to put and keep material prosperity in its proper place, even to blame it for the low state of their cultural prosperity.

One should not be greatly surprised to see these two concepts curiously combined in a double-barreled denunciation of the common man and big business. But it was surprising to see them so combined in an article in *The Saturday Review*—and in an article written by one of our most astute and successful book publishers, Harold K. Guinzburg [*SR* July 31, 1954]. His article, "Business and the Cultural Climate," which might have been more accurately entitled "*Big* Business and the Cultural Climate," was the last in the Common Man Series, which has just been published in book form by the University of Oklahoma Press under the title "Is the Common Man Too Common?"

This article by Mr. Guinzburg has all the interest and urbanity that one would expect of its author. Its argument is logical and forceful, and it would be totally convincing if one could accept without question the basic thesis that big business in art has had a debasing influence on the quality of artistic production in America. I cannot so accept it, and I think it is especially unacceptable with reference to literary production.

For example, I question whether the great increase in mass interest in mediocre books in America has any connection with the artistic creation of good ones. I suggest that a more successful exploitation of vulgar literary taste in recent years has only lowered the average cultural level in a mathematically observed sense—only in the ways in which levels can be measured and pondered quantitatively. Thus, big business methods in the arts have allowed intellectuals to discover for the first time the true level and extent of the so-called public taste. Those who have been shocked and alarmed by this discovery would do well to recall the derivation of the word "vulgar" and try not to lose their intellectual composure.

For certainly no great book goes unwritten in America—or unpublished either, for that matter—because large masses of the literarily unwashed like to read Mickey Spillane. What can be found in the stories of individual artistic genius or in the history of creative art in general to demonstrate that public taste has ever shaped the work of truly great artists? With few exceptions such artists have been oblivious or hostile to public taste. Everybody knows that the great artist writes or paints or composes for himself, for the artistic best that is in him, not for the public, and not even for his publisher or patron. For this reason, it seems to me; the ever wider reading of mediocre books in America has in no way limited the production of really good ones. Rather, is not the production of great literature limited only by the limited ability of our good writers to produce great books? Indeed, I doubt that there ever has been another period or place in history where the creative artist, good or bad, has had so little difficulty in obtaining a fair reading, showing, or hearing of his work.

I WOULD go even a step further and a step closer to this central problem, by saying that publishers themselves, large and small, have only limited influence on the quality of literary production. Their editors can, of course, influence writers for better or worse in a small degree, but certainly an editor can no more make a bad writer out of a good one than he can make a good writer out of a bad one. Admittedly, a writer now and then can and does blame his editor for a fault or failure in his work, but this does not happen often.

And certainly the extent of the editors' influence has little or nothing to do with bigness.

The author-editor complex is a highly individualized and personalized relationship; it can work well or ill in either a large or a small setting. In publishing practices an editor soon finds his own type and level of literary milieu, and usually he attracts writers of a certain type, good or bad, accordingly. A fine editor working in a small firm can attract good writers and do his best to make them better. A fine editor working in a large firm has an equal chance to do the same, but he has a better chance to hold his better writers when he has found them. For no one can deny that our top-drawer writers, with few exceptions, are strongly attracted to bigness when it comes to sales facilities, advertising appropriations, royalties, etc.

The publishing world concedes that, of all the fine editors of recent years, Max Perkins was the one who made the largest contribution toward improving the literature of his times. Neither his nor his writers' work seemed to suffer in quality from the fact that Max Perkins was editing for one of the largest trade-book houses of the country. In fact, he probably would not have found it possible in a smaller house to devote his time and talent so fully to improving the quality of the manuscripts he handled. Nor is it likely that either he or his most talented authors suffered from the fact that Scribner's, not unlike other good publishers, was then publishing some books of lesser literary distinction for mass appeal to the common reader.

Certainly the performance of one outstanding editor does not prove the general argument, and it must be admitted that publishing practice in exploiting the mass market has changed quite a bit in the seven years since Max Perkins died. Yet most trade-book publishers today, both

(*Continued on page* 32)

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Apologia for Doug

"MacArthur: 1941-1951," by Maj. Gen. Charles A. Willoughby and John Chamberlain *(McGraw-Hill Book Company. 441 pp. $5.75), is an account of the command of the U. S. armed forces in the Far East from World War II to the Korean incident, as seen by its chief intelligence officer. Here it is reviewed by Brig. Gen. S. L. A. Marshall, military critic of the* Detroit News *and European theatre historian of the U. S. Army during World War II.*

By S. L. A. Marshall

ON NOVEMBER 27, 1950, when General MacArthur at last took formal notice that a Chinese army had arrived undetected on his front and was at the point of destroying his forces in North Korea, he spoke of a "new war" and thereby made official a situation as obvious as Everest.

Some hours later his General Staff heard the most curious G-2 briefing of record. The speaker was of impressive bulk, of pompous manner, and normally given to majestic gesturing. This time he was easy, relaxed, with a wry smile on his face. He pointed to the situation map, saying: "It speaks for itself. You see there is a fifty-mile gap between our two flanks, no communications in between, and the enemy moving through. This is a most unusual situation in war. I trust that in time it will in some way be repaired."

For those few seconds Gen. Charles Willoughby, G-2, was magnificent in his candor and Hollywood poise. The spell was broken when someone asked by what date the Yalu froze over. Willoughby didn't know. An Air Force captain said it would be solid by mid-December. The meeting went on.

Within a few weeks Willoughby was publicly minimizing the tactical importance of the gap and saying that the Reds had never turned 8th Army's flank. It was a time of almost agonizing pressure for him and, if his memory fogged slightly, he was not alone.

"Sir Charles," as some of his close associates called him, was getting heavy sniper fire from his rear. The national press blamed him for all the underestimation of enemy power which had turned Korean operations into a mockery of our intelligence system. Making no public reply, he kept his dignity at the expense of his peace of mind. Knowing that the cold facts were in his favor, he was still ridden by an almost pathological fear that his career would be the sacrificial goat on the altar of American defeat.

In secret he prepared his case, and it was a dilly. Its six pages quoted his estimates made during the twelve critical months of 1950. Laid alongside them was proof of how his warnings on Korea had been snubbed or discounted by CIA, the Joint Chiefs, and, yes, MacArthur. He had always been right but nobody believed him.

Of that personal crisis or the paper or the histrionic briefing there is no mention in "MacArthur: 1941-1951," the book Willoughby has written with John Chamberlain's literary assistance. I lift them from old notes. Their omission, however, from what purports to be an objective summing up of ten years as MacArthur's left bower is an index of the quality of this writing, as to revelation, balance, fullness, fairness. It has them not. Willoughby has written just another fulsome eulogy of the man who lifted him from obscurity to a national name, and for that reason, if no other, the tribute is paid in dubious coin.

THE greatness of MacArthur as a man and soldier is hardly a subject for dispute. But an otherwise vital legend becomes indistinguishable from myth when any mortal is portrayed as above personal or professional fault, a sort of divinity walking on the universal sea of human infirmity.

When MacArthur was relieved Willoughby thought it time to turn in his soldier suit. He soon lost himself in Spain, amid press reports that he was adoring Franco's footwear. However exaggerated, they bore not on his role as the great oracle of enemy secrets. As there are divergent opinions about the merits of the claim, and fog still obscures most of the figure, judgment is for the birds, history, and heaven.

It was not as G-2, really, that Willoughby composed, with yeoman help from pastepot and shears, this new

GENERAL WILLOUGHBY SAYS: On the Pacific command: ". . . MacArthur thought the entire Pacific Theatre should be unified under a single command. He argued for such unification, but without success. He was entirely willing to relinquish his own seniority of command and serve in a subordinate position . . ."

On the atomic bomb: "Japan was ready for the *coup-de-grace*—and it could have been administered with conventional weapons. . . . Had Truman kept the atomic bomb a secret, the American politico-military position today would be impregnable. . . . MacArthur did not ask for the atomic attack. He did not even know of the existence of this bomb until a few days before its public use."

On warning Washington about the invasion of South Korea: ". . . a secret agency in Korea, sent there from MacArthur's headquarters in Tokyo . . . in the critical six months immediately before the outbreak of the war [filed] 417 special reports. . . . All were of increasing urgency and covered every facet of the North Korean threat. . . ."

On crossing the Thirty-Eighth Parallel: ". . . the charges made in the press of the world 'that MacArthur crossed the parallel and went into North Korea on his own initiative and in reckless defiance of superior authority' were fantastically false."

On MacArthur's dismissal: "In retrospect, it must seem that all of the Administration's "reasons" masked something deeper. General Bradley said on one occasion that MacArthur 'was not in sympathy with the decision to try to limit the conflict in Korea [and] avoid a third war.' Yet MacArthur desired only to destroy the enemy where he had chosen to attack, in Korea. His proposals to bomb the Yalu bridges, to avail himself of the right of 'hot pursuit' of enemy aircraft, and to utilize his own air and naval forces to carry the war to the enemy's supply and communications were hardly a prescription for a third *world* war."

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version of "Inside MacArthur." Wearing two hats, a staff officer becomes privileged to speak through either one. Under MacArthur, Willoughby also "administered" the historical operation. That is a military euphemism meaning that a chief has bodies to boss but isn't necessarily responsible for their work output.

In the MacArthur theatre, uniquely, command took an authoritarian view of how operational history should be written, no matter that the nation staked the enterprise. Control by the War Department went unacknowledged. Guidance was spurned. The historians were not permitted to become a free-wheeling group, going where necessary to get their work done, and doing it without arbitrary censorship from on high. The present President of the nation encouraged just such an ideal standard as this in ETO. On the other side of the globe, command wanted a martial hymn of praise and damn well got it.

These were the so-called "MacArthur histories," ultimately published in Japan, never circulated, and supposedly destroyed when the pilot at Tokyo was changed. Public tears have been shed that this treasure trove was denied the nation, after such great labor and cost. Having read the books over several midnights, to get a line on their worth as historical properties, I remain dry-eyed.

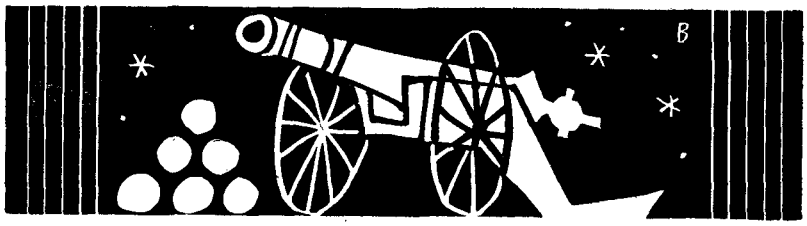
Willoughby was keeper of the books. It is their undeniable authority, he says, which ponderates his own work. All good enough if one believes that compounded insistence establishes fact. But if one doesn't, and chooses to weigh Willoughby's historian abilities out of his product, the reliability of his sources are as impressive as his modest statement that MacArthur first picked him for a high staff position because of his faithful attention to historical studies.

As to organizational method, use made of source materials, continuity, assessment of fact, and inclusion of materials and opinions not pertinent either to a portrait of MacArthur or his method of conducting operations, the book offends every commonsense rule respected by the scholarly or empirically discovered by those who learn the hard way how historical standards are set.

Every page or so the flow of the story is interrupted by a diversion into largely irrelevant background material, the giving of heady opinions, or a flight into sheer romance. The writing is a tie-together of long and tedious extracts from other reports. Some of these are obviously "sitreps" or wholesale quotes from staff memoranda unreliable at best in that they reflect conjecture about things still unproved. Far worse, the point of origin much of the time goes unidentified.

AS TO error in fact, as well as error and distortion in interpretation, the book is so replete with it that any serious undertaking in refutation would itself be volume length. I do not here speak of little things; errors on dates and identification are trivia and should have been caught by the editor. The same cannot be said about the gross major-generalizations with which Willoughby writes about operations to which his desk was reasonably close. Of how the war went in Korea I found nothing which was recognizable, insofar as Willoughby tries to describe the flow of operations, and nothing which was dispassionately clean-cut, wherein he endeavors to alibi reversal, surprise, and defeat. Consider this: "Either Washington or the U.N. could have stopped our troops at any point in North Korea. Instead, each preferred the opiate of wishful thinking, the myopic resignation of the ostrich." Or this: "On November 26, 1950, the Red commander Lin-Piao launched his full forces across the Yalu and into battle." (They were already massed along the Chongchon and they started the steamroller on November 25.) Or this: "MacArthur's attack of November 24 was a reconnaissance in force but with freedom of action to advance or withdraw. The advance of November 24 upset the enemy's timetable causing the Red Chinese to move prematurely." To hell with the battlefield. Its blood-drenched facts are immaterial. History is what I choose to make people think.

Logic has no answer to claptrap. Therein lies one of the great frustrations of life. The final absurdity is more resistant than the utmost expression of honest wisdom.



Personality in Red

"The Appeals of Communism," by Gabriel A. Almond, in collaboration with Herbert E. Krugman, Elsbeth Lewin, and Howard Wiggins *(Princeton University Press. 415 pp. $6), seeks answers to the question of what makes people join the Communist Party. Here it is reviewed by Martin Ebon, author of "Malenkov: Stalin's Successor."*

By Martin Ebon

ATTORNEY GENERAL Herbert Brownell, Jr., and FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover told President Eisenhower recently that the Justice Department plans to "utterly destroy the Communist Party, U.S.A." Their statement was received by the *Daily Worker* with an outburst of editorial self-pity—quite in character, Gabriel A. Almond's new book, "The Appeals of Communism," demonstrates, with the U.S. Communist Party's heavily masochistic personality. Whereas the *Cominform Journal*, world Communism's weekly bible, has party militance as its major theme, the *Daily Worker* seems always to be "defying," "asserting rights," "revealing," "disclosing," "drawing attention to," "denouncing," "branding," or "charging."

Professor Almond and his associates deal with Communist Parties in four Western nations: the "small deviational movements" of the United States and England, and the "mass working-class parties" of France and Italy. They have analyzed publications, and they have interviewed ex-Communists, to see how the Party version of the Communist personality stacks up against the real thing.

The picture that emerges is gratifyingly complex; gratifying, that is, to anyone who believes that in dealing with Communists we must have a better picture of our opponent than that of a monolithic scarecrow. Almond found that the French and Italian Parties harbor many members who have never been fully indoctrinated or disciplined. The British Communists have been unable to create within their Party the high pitch of hate—hate of the Laborites, for instance—that is a standard ideological tool in other Parties.

Within the Parties themselves there are various strata of responsibility, of idealism or cynicism, of camaraderie or mutual distrust. In France and Italy the Communists get supporters by playing up workers' and peasants' grievances; in Britain they appeal to

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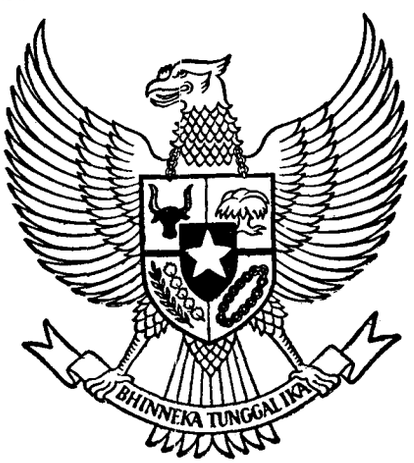
a society, "ready to tolerate deviance, because it is basically secure"; in the United States the Party seeks to fish bubbles off the melting pot.

Dealing with individuals, the book uses thirty-five case histories contributed by twenty-two American psychoanalysts. This material suggests, not to anyone's great surprise, that neurotic hostility finds a pseudo-legitimate outlet within the Party: the Communists provide an "outlet for aggression without guilt" and "group support and thence a certain safety" to those who fear retaliation against their own aggression.

Almond tends to play down the threat of Communism in the United States and in England. He feels we have muffed a chance of doing something about the huge Communist movements in Italy and France. He doesn't think the United States Government can do it, but that "such a movement can be sparked and financed and advised by the powerful free trade-union movements of the United States, England, and the European continent" engaged in "political warfare properly conducted." Of course the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions—Almond does not mention its name—has been planting and reaping in the Franco-Italian vineyards for years.

Mr. Almond's material might inspire more sweeping conclusions than he himself offers. But, above all, his work provides policy-makers and lesser observers with material that shows the complexity inside the Communist movements, the stresses camouflaged by a monolithic facade. The Center of International Study at Princeton University will follow the Almond work with a study of Malayan Communism. This reviewer would also welcome a careful analysis of interviews with defectors from Russia—it seems time to tug at the facade of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union.



—Jacket for "Indonesia: Land of Challenge."

". . . the seething life in bamboo huts."

Islands in Turmoil

***"Indonesia: Land of Challenge," by Marguerite Harmon Bro** (Harper. 263 pp. $4), is a report, in statistics and word-pictures, on one of the new sovereign nations of Asia. Our reviewer, Robert Payne, is author of "The Revolt of Asia" and other books.*

By Robert Payne

ALMOST overnight, and inconspicuously, Indonesia came into existence nine years ago when Soekarno read the Indonesian Declaration of Independence to some students who had gathered in his garden and threatened to lynch him if he did not read it. Soekarno was not sure the right moment had come; the students were certain the moment was overdue. As in Burma, a handful of students led the revolt. They were not professional revolutionaries or paid agitators. They had no fatal belief in a revolutionary mystique; and they remembered the early history of revolutionary America more often than they remembered Karl Marx. Today, although the pattern of political life had grown increasingly confused, with Darul Islam still rampant and the Communists still infiltrating solidly into the army, a good deal of that early student enthusiasm remains; and Indonesia, isolated as it is from the mainland of Asia, is very possibly the best place to examine the emerging patterns of Asian revolutionary nationalism.

During a year and a half of close study in Indonesia, as the wife of the cultural attache to the United States Embassy, Marguerite Harmon Bro has picked her way carefully through a mass of confusing issues and returned with an exceedingly competent report, "Indonesia: Land of Challenge." It is not a brilliant report; there is a good deal of padding and she will throw figures and statistics at you with all the shrill vehemence of "The Statesman's Yearbook" or the latest encyclopedia. She devotes four chapters to the history of Indonesia, and what she has to say has been told better elsewhere; and she devotes two pages to a short outline of the Prophet Mohammed's career. But these are small matters. The heart of the book lies in her descriptions of the countryside and the people she met on her travels, and four excellent chapters devoted to a survey of the Indonesian peoples, their food, health, and education. She takes you into the kampongs so that you can see and smell the seething life that goes on in those brown bamboo and mat huts and watch those handsome dark-eyed people at their work. She has excellent thumbnail sketches of village life:

> Rice drying in dooryards; enormous long-legged roosters; Muscovy ducks which lay huge white eggs; big baskets hung under the eaves, against which leans a long bamboo pole with protrusions used as steps by the hens who march up to their basket nests to lay their eggs where they will be safe. A wooden drum used to call the faithful to prayer on Fridays hung outside the prayer house. There was a small cemetery. Dozens of children sat quietly in their doorways or on the stone-hard earth of the dooryard. We were not interrupting their play; they weren't doing anything.

With the same art she will describe the light falling on the rump of a girl defecating in a stream, a shadow-play, leaf patterns on batik, the quarrels of Balinese princes or the palace of the Sultan of Djogjakarta, where "the wild cocks, deep gray, with damascene wings, vermilion cheeks and egrets for topknots, are kept in lantern cages." In the dryest passages of her historical summaries these delightful descriptions come running to the rescue.

BUT this is only a warming-up. When she comes to education she really rolls up her sleeves. It is a subject close to her heart and she plunges into it with considerable authority. There are not enough schools, the teachers are inadequately paid, the textbooks are almost inexistent, there are continual language difficulties. School is taught in fifty different dialects and lectures at colleges are given in French, German, Dutch, English, Malay, Balinese, and heaven knows how many other languages. It is all an unholy mess, with "red tape deviously devised, Dutch fashion, and then conscientiously snarled, Indonesian fashion." She succeeds in conveying the intricacies of Indonesian education and the wild excitement for knowledge which is taking hold of the villagers at last. Recently, in an article in *Harper's*, Cameron Hawley described the situation vividly. He spoke of walking down the main street of Djogjakarta and seeing what seemed to be a street riot. On closer inspection the street

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riot dissolved into a mob of students struggling to get into an empty store building to see an exhibition of books.

The picture Mrs. Bro gives of the Indonesian health administration is not pleasant to contemplate. Desperate young students from Indonesia can sometimes smuggle themselves in fishing-smacks to the Philippines to get an education, but there is no obvious way of smuggling health into the country. A third of the population suffer from malaria. There are only a handful of trained doctors and midwives. Trachoma rages. Hospitals are few, and too many of them are without bedsheets or running water. The milled rice they live on hardly sustains them. The World Health Organization has its officers in Indonesia, but the problem is so huge that they are only nibbling at the edges. It is an appalling picture, made all the more appalling because health, education, and food are precisely those things which the West can export to Asia.

People who shiver with malaria, ache with yaws, lack energy from a bout of typhoid or dengue or dysentery or hookworm, cough from TB, squint from trachoma, cannot do a good day's work. So their exports languish, their currency is unstable, prices go up and wages go down. Sick and depleted children cannot even study what democracy is all about. The will to achieve is an earned capacity of the Indonesian people, but health to sustain the will is still to be won.

FICTION

Veterans' Rendezvous

"Reunion," by Merle Miller *(Viking Press. 345 pp. $3.95), details what happened during the day on which a World War II overseas unit held its eighth-year reunion.*

By Al Hine

IN "Reunion" Merle Miller has written his finest novel to date and should probably be accorded the privilege of slugging anyone who hereafter refers to him as a writer of promise rather than of performance. The earlier novels, "Island 69," "That Winter," and "The Sure Thing," were all three deftly done and as topical as the headlines on their publication dates. And therein lay their nagging disappointment. There is nothing against the "headline novel," be its subject war, adjustment to civilian life, or loyalty probes, but it will always run the risk of being written too quickly and with false certainty, and none of Miller's three earlier novels rose above the risk they ran.

"Reunion" is a novel of today, but its characters with their entirely believable if seldom sympathetic dilemmas achieve the dimension of people, not props for a current events forum. A point that has worried me about Miller's writing, his addiction to the veteran of World War II and to veterans' problems as somehow separate from the rest of American life, worries me no longer. And this despite the fact that the reunion which gives this book its title is a get-together of ex-GIs. But, for once, the fact of their having worn ODs and suntans seems secondary to their existence as interesting and integrated human beings.

There are eight men who served in the same outfit overseas, and their wives and other feminine attachments. The novel spans a single day, the day they have set aside for their eighth year reunion dinner. The men run the gamut from the successful corporation lawyer Jason Merrick to Aldo Borelli, a West Side New York warehouseman. And the women, from Jason's soignee yet confused wife through unhappy and shallow Val, wife of a prosperous farmer, to Lucille, a good sport Saul Leventhal found in a Miami Beach hotel bar.

MILLER goes through his chosen day and into a good segment of the past with all these characters, with a keen eye for detail and a sure sense of what goes on beneath the surface of their lives. I found, halfway through the book, what is for me a touchstone of excellence: I was getting angry occasionally at actions or trains of thought as if the characters were friends, as if I should and could reach out and tap one on the shoulder as though to say "Wise up" or "Watch it" or whatever.

There is a well-developed plot and even a killer on the prowl, but these factors, interesting as they are, were to me subordinate to my interest in the characters as people. I keep coming back to that impression. Not the least pleasing feature of "Reunion" is that it ends with neither blinding philosophic lights nor facile solutions. What solutions there are are in terms of life as it is; nobody walks off into the sunset to a new job, a new religion, or to write a new novel. It is an exciting book about living people and how they get the courage to go on about living.

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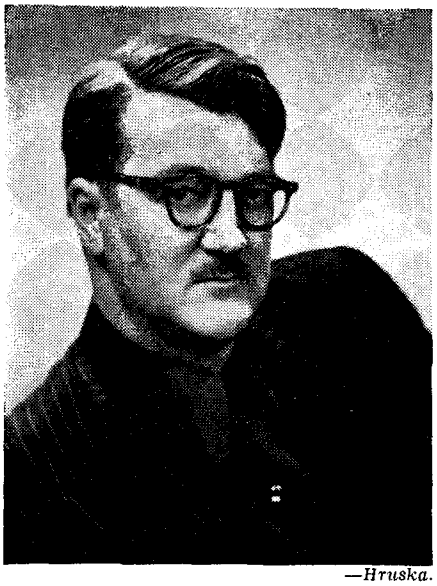
Miss's Masters

"High Water," by Richard Bissell *(Little, Brown. 280 pp. $3.75), tells, with amusing incident and salty dialogue, about a group of modern steamboatmen shepherding eight coal barges up the Mississippi.*

By Thomas E. Cooney

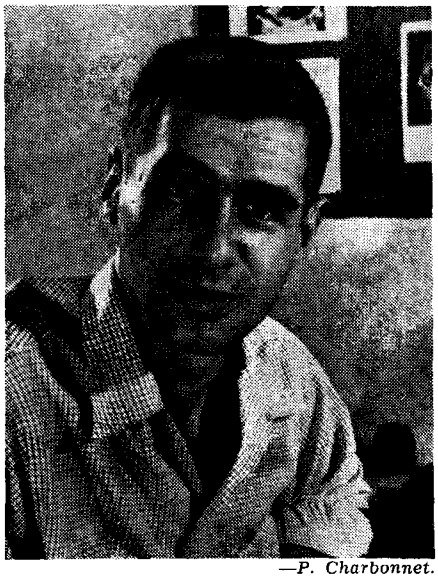
THE steam packets with their grand ballrooms and crystal chandeliers have disappeared from the Mississippi, but the men who run today's diesel-powered tankers and towboats are still called "steamboat men," and they still work on the river for the same reason Mark Twain did: they love it. Duke, the Mate of the towboat *Royal Prince*, who tells Richard Bissell's story in "High Water," says that "there is something about it that you might call Romance, or you might call it feeble-mindedness depending on your age and state of mind, which gets under your skin and you can't get away from it; somehow there is one hell of a lot of charm, as the travel folders say, about the Upper Mississippi River . . ." Casey and Ironhat the pilots, Grease Cup the engineer, and One Eye the deckhand think so, too, but they'd never admit it.

When the *Royal Prince* leaves St. Louis to shove eight coal barges up to St. Paul the river is swollen with rain that has fallen days before in Minnesota and Wisconsin. As the tow passes Hannibal, Missouri, making seven miles an hour through the water but less than two over the bottom, the river is still rising because it is still raining up north. By this time the crew are snapping at each other, chicken coops and houses are floating down the river, and there is something wrong with the steering engine. When they rescue Marie Chouteau, sixteen years old and half naked, from the roof of her father's island farmhouse, the men are sure that with a woman aboard they are headed for real trouble. They are right. The flood is so strong that the *Royal Prince* has to "double trip." This means that they have to tie up half their barges, take half of them up the river twenty miles or so, and then go back down to leapfrog the first group of barges up past the second group. One Eye is left camping out on the tied-up barges with plenty of rations and a whole library of comic books, but when the towboat comes back he has disappeared. Darkness, rain, and the Captain's worry about the flood make the search for One Eye short and fruitless. The *Royal Prince* goes plugging back up the river, and just above the railroad bridge at Quincy, with most of the crew asleep below and Marie locked in her room, the steering goes out completely. Boat and tow quickly broach to the current and go sweeping down onto the concrete bridge pier . . .



—*Hruska.*

Richard Bissell—"same old river."



—*P. Charbonnet.*

Evan Hunter—"a complex organism."

I would be doing Mr. Bissell an injustice, though, if I left the reader with the impression that this is just an adventure story. The author of "A Stretch on the River" and "7½ Cents" was a river pilot himself, and with the salty monologue of Duke, the anecdotes of life in the modern river towns, and the lonely individualists who man the *Royal Prince*, he demonstrates that the Mississippi is still the same old river. When Duke goes ashore at Hannibal he runs across an old man with a white moustache, long hair, and a rumpled linen suit. It is a tribute to Mr. Bissell's skill that the reader does not resent this apparition.

Cold-War Class

"The Blackboard Jungle," by Evan Hunter *(Simon & Schuster. 309 pp. $3.50), is the story of an idealistic young man named Richard Dadier and his disillusioning first year of teaching at a New York City vocational high school.*

By Nathan Rothman

EVAN HUNTER'S "The Blackboard Jungle" is the most realistic account I have ever read of life in a New York City vocational high school. I can testify to its accuracy, having had some years of experience in one of them, as has Mr. Hunter. His novel more than matches the sensations in some of the stories we have seen recently, in newspapers that have become happily school-conscious. But it is free of their distortions and dishonesty; it makes no easy moral assumptions nor does it arrive at righteous judgments. Mr. Hunter's North Manual Trades High—it is fairly typical—is a complex organism, the resultant of many forces, economic facts, social emotions, hostilities, suspicions. It can, if it is not to be considered irreparable, be handled only with understanding, courage, in the last analysis, humanity. Nothing else will work. You won't find that in the newspaper accounts, but it is here, implicitly stated in Mr. Hunter's story, and Richard Dadier, the young teacher, is a human and spirited embodiment of that statement.

Dadier's history as we read it covers one term, five months, of teaching in his new job at North Trades. It should be said at once that Mr. Hunter has telescoped a vast body of material into that five months. Nobody ever experienced so much, learned so much, in one term of teaching. The alternative, of course, would be a longer and less integrated document, and I am willing to accept this telescoping as a necessary device. Otherwise Dadier's history is incontrovertible. If you have been teaching in a vocational high school for four years, all of this has happened to you, or your neighbor. You have been greeted with, "Hey, teach'!" You have set down some requirements and been told, "Dig that cat, he's playin' it hard," or "Teach', you ever try to fight thirty-five guys at once?" You have faced the cold war in the classroom, and sometimes the hot war in the stairwells or outside the school on a dark night. You have seen the offerings you made riotously rejected—the phonograph records broken, the pictures de-

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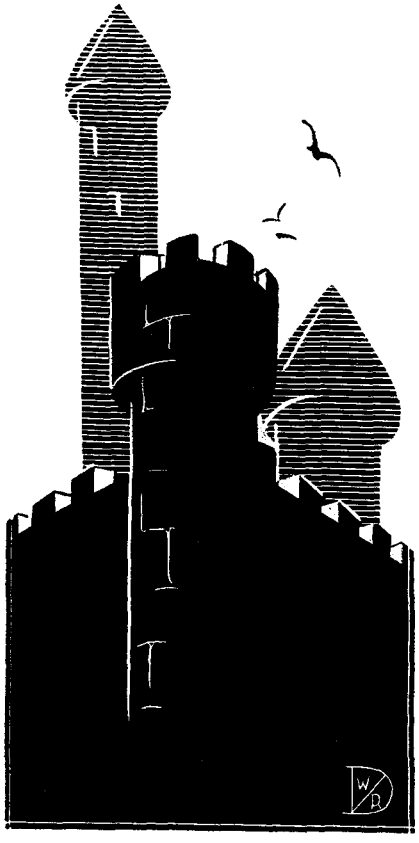
faced, the windows and blackboards cracked. And you have had to face a boy with a knife.

How do you take all this? Josh Edwards, who expected teaching to be something else—and he had a right to expect that—quits, a broken and disillusioned man. Solly Klein, the school philosopher, knows how to let it all run off his back. He says, "This is the garbage can of the educational system. Our job is to sit on the lid . . . In a dump like this it's only the philosopher who survives . . ." And the Solly Kleins are the strong backbone of the North Trades schools. But there are other philosophies; there have to be. When Richard Dadier learns to pass beyond Klein's survival level to one of actual dedication to his difficult job, when he struggles to reach that unreachable gang of his, catches them by surprise with his eager, unhackneyed use of the Heywood Broun essay "The Fifty-first Dragon" and exults inwardly, *I've broken through, I've reached them*—then we are as close to the meaning of his whole experience as we can come. There is no happy ending. This very lesson is followed by a vicious experience with Artie West, the blind antagonist, the kid with the knife that you read about. But the whole picture is here, every element of it. Mr. Hunter has been particularly good with his portraits of the faculty and, even more, the pupils. Most memorable is the Negro boy Gregory Miller, himself so complex a figure.



Eminent Ancestress

"Katherine," by Anya Seton *(Houghton Mifflin. 588 pp. $3.95), is a novel about Katherine Swynford, who as a girl made Chaucer's pilgrimage to Canterbury and in time became the ancestress of every English monarch from Edward IV to Elizabeth II.*

By Thomas Caldecot Chubb

"WHAN that Aprille with his shoures soote," as Katherine Swynford's brother-in-law so liltingly put it, had, in the year 1366, "the droughte of Merche perced to the roote," there rode forth from the little Kentish convent of Sheppey, a girl of sixteen who had "large gray eyes fringed by dark lashes . . . [a] skin milky smooth with a rose flush . . . [and a] full mouth wider than the pouting lips admired at court," yet one that "betokened a lustiness that any man would find challenging, as did the flare of her nostrils and the cleft in her round chin."

She had a rendezvous with legend and history. The daughter of a plain but vain Flemish knight, Sir Payn (*i.e.*, Paon or Peacock) de Roet, the sister of that keen, practical Philippa who was to keep Geoffrey Chaucer both contented and slightly sharp in his attitude toward women, Katherine —for it was Katherine Swynford who thus rode—was to become first the unwilling bride of a loutish Saxon, Sir Hugh Swynford, and then the lifelong mistress of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster. When they were middle-aged the Duke married her, her children were legitimatized, and since royal standards were less rigid than in 1936, she became in effect the second lady of the land.

In her first role, she took her place beside fair Rosamond—Henry II's Rosamond Clifford—as the heroine of one of England's most fascinating, royal romances. As the wife of John of Gaunt, she became, through her daughter Joan and her son John Beaufort, the ancestress of every English monarch from Edward IV to Elizabeth II.

She is now the subject of a bulky and well-documented historical novel —the 588-page "Katherine," by Anya Seton. Justly or unjustly, Miss Seton has hitherto been regarded as an author whose works had more popular appeal than literary merit. Nothing could be less true of "Katherine."

For my money, this intricate and amazing story, with its keen analyses of human character, and with its stirring background of an England disturbed by the Black Death and the consequent social turmoil led by Wat Tyler and John Ball, is one of the best pieces of historical fiction, not merely of 1954, but of the past half dozen years. Not that the popular appeal is lacking—in this respect, it should equal anything by Samuel Shellabarger or Thomas B. Costain. But it has much more to commend it than easy readability. Like the new technique of Cinemascope, it has depth as well as color and élan.

Basically, it is the book of Katherine Swynford, and as such it deals with a starry-eyed young lady; with an unhappy wife; with a matured woman deeply involved in a love affair that she knows has its fringes of disaster; with a deeply loyal mother; with a patient Griselda; and finally with a happy, if but briefly happy, ending. But though it is Katherine's book, there are other people in it, and they are real too—whether they be the appealing escaped serf, Cob o' Fenton; the anchoress, Dame Julian, or the sultry, moody, and wilful young King Richard II.

Not being a specialist on Plantagenet England, I cannot comment on the book's accuracy. It gives the effect of accuracy. (The only error I detected was small. Miss Seton calls the Visconti—whose name means Viscount—*merchant* princes.) But I can point out that "Katherine" has action, vividness, and insight. The first two qualities are frequent in modern historical fiction. The last gives the book its distinction, being more rare.

Notes

POOR WHITE ON THE MAKE: Following in the tradition of the local colorists who flourished after the Civil War, Francis Irby Gwaltney concentrates his attention in **"The Yeller-Headed Summer"** (Rinehart, $3) on a local group that he knows intimately—the Bedders of Arkansas. These are the sharecroppers, the poor whites who farm the river beds: characteristically "thin people, long-faced and narrow-headed," traditionally in constant conflict with the Good Families.

Jack Winters, a Bedder by birth and the requisite physical characteristics, attempts to defy tradition by gaining a tenuous foothold within the G. F.'s select circle. This he accomplishes by talking his way into the position of town constable—which, in Walnut Creek, Arkansas, carries with it the distinction and privilege of wearing a badge, carrying a gun, and blowing the siren on the State Police car. But when Faye Williams (a daughter in the best G. F.) is murdered and Jack

(*Continued on page* 32)

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Nature's Various Vitality

"An Armada of Thirty Whales," by Daniel G. Hoffman *(Yale University Press. 48 pp. $2.50),* ***"The Vegetable Kingdom," by Padraic Colum*** *(Indiana University Press. 47 pp. $2.75), and* ***"The Dancing Bears," by W. S. Merwin*** *(Yale University Press. 88 pp. $2.75), are all volumes of "nature" poetry. Their appearance gives our reviewer, Gerard Previn Meyer, an occasion to consider whether there is to be a renascence in the form.*

By Gerard Previn Meyer

"IS THERE going to be a revival of 'nature' poetry and if so how will it differ from nature poetry in the past?" W. H. Auden asks the question in the foreword to Daniel G. Hoffman's "An Armada of Thirty Whales," this year's choice of the Yale Series of Younger Poets, of which Mr. Auden is editor. Mr. Hoffman's and two other books recently published—Padraic Colum's "The Vegetable Kingdom" and W. S. Merwin's "The Dancing Bears"—answer the question in their own way—or in several ways, because poets least of all are required to be consistent.

There was a time, of course, as Mr. Auden observes, when "nature" poetry did not have to be revived; it was simply there, as a matter of course. In the Roman garden Marius might encounter without surprise and with entire belief the legend "Numen inest" —"Deity is in this place."

By the time of Wordsworth, however, there were too many clods, to whom "A primrose by a river's brim, / A yellow primrose was . . ., / And it was nothing more." And our own day began under the domination of materialist scientists, and poets and novelists like Hardy, who, instead of echoing "Numen inest," rather asked with incontrovertible irony, "Where was Tess's guardian angel? Where was the Providence of her simple faith? Perhaps, like that other god of whom the ironical Tishbite spoke, he was talking or he was pursuing or he was in a journey or peradventure he was sleeping and was not to be awaked."

So "the poet today is faced with the task of recovering the feeling which he and the public have largely lost, that Nature is numinous." How, then, does Mr. Hoffman approach this task? Chiefly, it would seem, by applying himself to close observation and the exact description of natural forms; if, in the end, he displays a note of "skeptical caution," Mr. Hoffman at least suggests that he has an open mind on the matter. For, if nature were simply for the uses of science and scientists, would this poet think it worthwhile to give such loving care to "one last gull, in late arrival"?

The importance of man himself in the scheme of nature has certainly receded far from such high-water marks as were reached in, say, the time of George Herbert. When that seventeenth-century priest-poet wrote in "Man," "For us the winds doe blow / The earth doth rest, heaven move, and fountaines flow," it seemed to him (and to his audience) that he was simply reminding his readers of something they all knew and accepted as a fact. But Mr. Hoffman admits, "That the pear's boughs / delight me now is / inconsequential." And he contrasts man's inferior bliss with the easier joys of simpler forms: "ours alone from time strains to purchase / pleasures mayflies find among the birches." These mayflies "gadding gilded, all green energy, toward death" have more life in their ephemeral passage than we may aspire to.

Numinous or merely luminous, nature comes alive in these poems: even such lumbering beasts as those memorialized in the title-piece "nudge the beach with their noses, / eager for hedgerows and roses." The words themselves are alive with alliterative word-play, like dolphins sporting on the waves; the lines already quoted are evidence, as are such titles as "Auricle's Oracle" and "An Antelope of Cantaloupe"—which examples, however, are perhaps closer to Wallace Stevens ("Le Monocle de Mon Oncle") than it is altogether safe to venture.

The garden varieties that bloom in Mr. Colum's "Vegetable Kingdom" seem at first glance primly methodical by comparison, precisely defined by their generic names ("woodbine," "marigolds," "poppies," etc.). Upon closer examination they turn out to be akin to Mr. Hoffman's whales, seals, larks, woodthrushes, and pears: sometimes they appear numinous, sometimes not, but generally they fascinate.

This poet "uses the French still-life paintings as models of rendering and discipline." It would seem that he follows the French poets as well, in his and their search for the symbolic meanings of appearances. His phrases, Latin in their economy, and his closely woven syntactical turns have an air as of translation from Rimbaud or some other solid figure of that strain:

> here it shows
> Large as the words of Zoroastrian kings,
> And solemn as the blessings they implored.
>
> And solemn in its downfall, like some mild
> King whom violent history bereaves;
> Its gold bestrewn and its head downbent,
> It stands among the potsherds by the pales.

Nothing fragile about this flower-poetry! There is force even in the near-naivete of such images as this:

> And like men of good heart who proffer all,
> Descending branches held out boons for us . . .

HE IS most precise in his distinctions, as when he writes of "Olive Trees," "they/Fall less into decay than into ruin,/These ancient trees." The deity in nature is coming into sight in "Lilies": "they are garnished/As for that miracle/That turns the natural /Into supernal." Sometimes, however, the reference is more trivial: dahlias remind the poet, not of the "supernal," but of another time and place and thing, a lesser order of metaphor. In "Woodbine" Mr. Colum appears to water his purpose by making the reaction to the flower explicit, almost in the mood of "Pippa Passes"—whereupon the reader becomes, participant no longer, merely spectator.

Undoubtedly there are degrees of compulsion in these verses. At times one is disturbed by the notion that—perhaps—this labor of love may have turned out, for the poet, to be a bit of a chore. For example, he calls hyacinths "these inexpressive, elegiac flowers," and the inexpressiveness momentarily seems to be catching: hyacinth is "loveliest" of the flower names, water lilies "lovelier" than any other leaf afloat. But then one is reassured by so tight a sequence as the six stanzas of "Roses," apostrophizing Mallarmé—and by such a solidly per-

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suasive line as "Unfruitfulness was all amassed in flowers." And by such sensitivity as infuses "Briar Blossoms" with human warmth.

Daniel G. Hoffman, as I almost forgot to say, makes effective use of mythological material; W. S. Merwin, whose work preceded Mr. Hoffman by two years in the Yale Series, is even bolder in his transmutation of old legend. And, partly in consequence, nature in Mr. Merwin's hands takes on a magical quality.

What makes nature magical in the poetry of his new book, "The Dancing Bears," is hard to explain. Sometimes it seems to be the magician's dexterity with illusion; in one of the three poems titled "Canso" Merwin seems to equate with Merlin, as image reflects image as in a succession of mirrors, until the beholder is hard put to it to say where the reality lies. Sometimes it's word-music—as in this stanza from "East of the Sun and West of the Moon":

> For all I am prodigious of voyages,
> Whistle heyday and holiday, make light
> Of the poor limbs of summer and have sailed
> Beyond the hueless sighing of drowned days
> Into the dark where no shades sigh,
> Have shuddered and come home a different way,
> Unholy be the whisper of my name
> If ever I were a wind about that tower
> Or knew the way . . .

Here the play of alliteration is most skilfully directed to weave the lines together, to keep them moving ahead, and at the same time to express by sound the meaning of the passage. Notice how the *h* shifts for a moment to *l*, next interweaves with *d* and *s*, then swerves to *sh*, then back to *h* and *d*; but before the *d* gives a decisive air to the lines, which are not intended to be conclusive, the *wh* in "whisper" and the *w*'s whisk one away on the wind, which is quite fitting since it's the West Wind that's speaking.

In his last "Canso" Mr. Merwin praises his love and the world, in intermingling terms that recall in theme (and by their sweep and swirl) the musical love-poems of that mourned-for musician and lover Dylan Thomas —who surely felt "that Nature is numinous." Here is another affirmative answer for Mr. Auden—who must feel a special pride since W. S. Merwin was his choice for the Yale prize not so long ago. Mr. Merwin can praise with perfect assurance "the angel's country / For which we became as children; known earth and known heaven / Washed new in the ancient wonder . . ." And, reading "The Dancing Bears," so can we.

No Snores of Youth

"In the Cold Country," by Barbara Howes *(Grove Press. 48 pp. $2.75), and* ***"Angel of Accidence," by Peter Kane Default*** *(Macmillan. 76 pp. $3.25), are the latest collections of verse of two of our younger, more gifted poets.*

By Dudley Fitts

AT A TIME when so many of the younger poets seem to be competing with one another for the dim garland of Dullness, it is almost absurdly refreshing to encounter the excitement of the Real Thing. One is consequently indebted to Barbara Howes and Peter Kane Dufault; for, though they have little else in common, they are both concerned with something more valuable than exercises, say, for thrilling in octaves. This something is the force, the wit, the insight, and the compelling report of poetry.

Miss Howes's work at its best, as exhibited in "In the Cold Country," is purer than anything that I find in Mr. Dufault's "Angel of Accidence." She is more serious than he, less likely to be distracted by whimsical lures of thought, by technical play. I do not mean to deprecate Mr. Dufault, who is unusually gifted; simply, he yields so often to the temptation to be clever that a considerable number of his poems turn out to be attractive toys and little more. Toys have their place in the hierarchy of art, and certainly they are to be preferred to the banal solemnities of the current neo-Classicism; but they break too easily.

"In the Cold Country" is Miss Howes's second book. Like "The Undersea Farmer," which was published six years ago, it is remarkable for the assurance of its control, for the unerring tact with which the verse forms are handled. This is cold praise, like complimenting a pianist upon the accuracy of his fingering and pedaling; and if there were no more to say we should have here only another svelte artist of the deep freeze. But of course there is much more. First, there is the quiet tense discernment reflected in the image, the metaphorical illumination. Then there is the wit (I can think of no better word) which never intrudes itself, which never exists for itself alone, which governs and keeps fresh the deepest feeling. And there is the *materia*, the poetic content, the undefinable and unextractable essence of art. We talk about the inevitability of certain poems, what MacLeish has called the "fatality" of a line or a phrase. Sometimes a tiny flash: "A virid arrow parts/The leaves"; sometimes a stanza, like the second of "Coq de Combat"; sometimes, beautifully, an entire poem—I am thinking of "The Stag of God." No, this is real. The limitations are those of range: Miss Howes is not "important" in the sense that her contemporaries Richard Wilbur and John Ciardi and Richard Eberhart are; but there are no failures, and "In the Cold Country" is warm delight.

"ANGEL of Accidence" is less fine. True, Mr. Dufault has his victorious moments, although he is never so convincing, artistically as Miss Howes. Where she writes with the grace of instinctive finality, he tries too hard. His is too often a managed brilliance, a glittering cleverness. His tone is unsure. Thus, "Let my love ride in. This cockpit/shrug my mortality, as around/the rocket-pilot's canopy sound/itself is surprised silent"—the passage is from "To a Young Girl"—may be defended, I suppose, as a conceit in the metaphysical manner; but there is an uneasy, leering quality in it that I find in dubious taste. Moreover, I regret to say that he seems to be obsessed by birds: thirty-four out of sixty-nine poems are ornithomane—too high an incidence. Yet, though he wobbles at times, he never snores. Even at his worst—and his worst is a dismayingly awkward attack upon President Truman for ordering the construction of the hydrogen bomb—he is agile and aware. I suspect that he is another illustration of the difference between good light verse (which is not to be underestimated) and poetry. Certainly there is no "fatality" here, though there is much that is sharp and good. I do not feel that he is compelled to write, as Miss Howes obviously is. For him it's a game, not art. And games are fun, and this is superior fun. But we've been talking about poetry.

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PERSONAL HISTORY

Suffragette Reinterpreted

"Susan B. Anthony: Her Personal History," by Katharine Anthony *(Doubleday. 521 pp. $6), is a new biography of the leader of the nineteenth-century American woman's rights movement. Helen Beal Woodward, who reviews it below, is the author of "The Bold Women," a collection of sketches of strong-minded American females.*

By Helen Beal Woodward

WHEN Rheta Childe Dorr prefaced her biography of Susan B. Anthony in 1928 with the comment that there could "never be much new material" for any new book about her subject she meant that Ida Husted Harper's three-volume "Life and Work of Susan B. Anthony" had left a future biographer very little to say.

Mrs. Harper had planned it that way. With understandable bitterness Susan Anthony's distant relative and newest biographer, Katharine Anthony, tells how Mrs. Harper and Susan's sister Mary spent a month in the summer of 1903 shoveling Susan's archives, the "trash" of a century, into a backyard bonfire, while the ashes of priceless letters from Garrison, Greeley, Wendell Phillips, Bronson Alcott, Harriet Beecher Stowe, to name a few, swirled off into the neighbors' yards.

All the "no poaching" signs Mrs. Harper tried to post on her literary preserve, however, did not keep Mrs. Dorr from turning out a fine, readable biography in 1928. Now Katharine Anthony has written another. Described by its publishers as "the first modern biography" of the great suffragist, the new life interprets Susan's rather astringent public personality with the flashes of psychological insight that are Katharine Anthony's hallmark as a biographer.

We learn, for instance, of a "traumatic experience" of Susan's childhood, when she acquired the conviction that she was not good-looking and never would be. Her relation to her repressed, self-pitying mother, her closeness to her father, and a deeply submerged adolescent crush on her elder sister's husband all seem to have contributed to Susan's decision not to marry, and yet Susan the spinster was about as far from neurotic as a woman could get. In maturity she would be "one of the most wonderfully balanced women of the world." The suffrage movement turned out to be all the husband she needed. Prizing her own footloose freedom, she begrudged the marrying off of her young lieutenants. "You who have the talent to do honor to poor, oh how poor womanhood, have all given yourselves over to baby making," she grumbled to Elizabeth Cady Stanton.

Such singlemindedness as Susan Anthony's cannot be unriddled simply in terms of an Oedipus complex, and Miss Anthony the Latter has not stopped with psychiatry. She has made a thoughtful study of her subject's Quaker origins, the source of her faith and energy. Besides bringing the Harper "Life" up to date in these important ways, the new biography performs the service of restoring Susan Anthony to her rightful place in the anti-slavery movement, alongside Garrison, the Grimké sisters, and others who braved lynch-minded mobs in the Negro's cause. The Anthony "Anthony" also illumines the confused post-Civil War period, when the suffrage movement split into a wing of ladylike conservatives, captained by Lucy Stone, and the freeswinging Stanton-Anthony faction. Some of Mrs. Stanton's and Miss Anthony's remarks during this period, when they saw the colored man enfranchised before the white woman, would sound venomously anti-Negro to a modern ear. The new biographer has chosen to censor the venom; at the same time she has provided the context for the feeling of betrayal that found expression in those angry speeches.

LIKE all the suffragist leaders, Susan B. Anthony got into feminism by the side door. Lucretia Mott and Mrs. Stanton called the first women's rights convention because they had been refused the right to take part in an anti-slavery convention. Miss Anthony's first cause was temperance. Her discovery that the men heading the movement challenged the right of women to speak on temperance or any other subject led to her ultimate stand: that until women had political power through the ballot they were helpless to enforce respect for any of their rights.

Because American women have traveled so far toward social and economic independence, and because many of them have failed to solve the emotional problems created by their new freedoms, the women's rights movement has lost respect since Susan Anthony's time. In today's climate suffragism seems old-hat, if not downright droll. We remember the suffragette as a bristling caricature; we grin over Adlai Stevenson's campaign joke about the elderly feminist who counseled the young feminist to "have faith in God, She will protect you."

True, the visions of utopia conjured up by the oldtime suffragists did not materialize with votes for women. True, too, that the sexual antagonism of the old-timers sometimes went to comic lengths. That Susan Anthony, with all her common sense, was not immune to female chauvinism her biographer indicates in a story about a portrait bust of Susan commissioned by Frances Willard for the Chicago World's Fair. Miss Willard chose Lorado Taft as sculptor. Though Taft's mother had been an early suffragist, the militant feminists were outraged by the idea of a man being picked for the job, and Susan was won over only by Miss Willard's open scorn of "women who are so prejudiced that . . . they would not allow a male grasshopper to chirp on their lawn."

—Jacket design by Douglas Gorsline.

Katharine Anthony's "Susan B. Anthony" gives back dignity to the historic crusade for women's rights as a landmark in the worldwide struggle for human rights and democracy. Reading of Susan's trial and conviction in 1873 for having asserted the right of a citizen (female) to vote, we begin to realize the debt women owe this selfless pioneer for a world they take for granted.

Happily, the publisher has provided a number of portraits, because our generation has forgotten how Susan Anthony looked and Katharine Anthony never really tells us. Except for a few allusions to her subject's spiritual expression in old age, she is far more interested in Susan's psyche than in her phiz. She also has the tendency of Anthony admirers to write of Mrs. Stanton a little tartly, as if they could not quite forgive Susan's old friend for having reaped the glory while Susan did the leg work. For Mrs. Stanton's lapses her seven children ought to be considered an extenuating circumstance.

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Queen's Minister and Friend

***"Melbourne," by Lord David Cecil** (Bobbs-Merrill. 450 pp. $5), is a biography of Victoria's first and (next to Disraeli) most fascinating Prime Minister. Here it is reviewed by George Dangerfield. Pulitzer Prize-winning historian, author of "The Strange Death of Liberal England."*

By George Dangerfield

LORD DAVID CECIL has completed his biography of William Lamb, second Viscount Melbourne, whose life was a paradigm of later Whig aristocracy, and who was Queen Victoria's first and (next to Disraeli) most fascinating Prime Minister. "The Young Melbourne," first published in 1939, now appears as Parts I and II of a full study called "Melbourne." It is beautifully written; it is eminently readable; it is all one could reasonably ask for as a biography designed as a work of art.

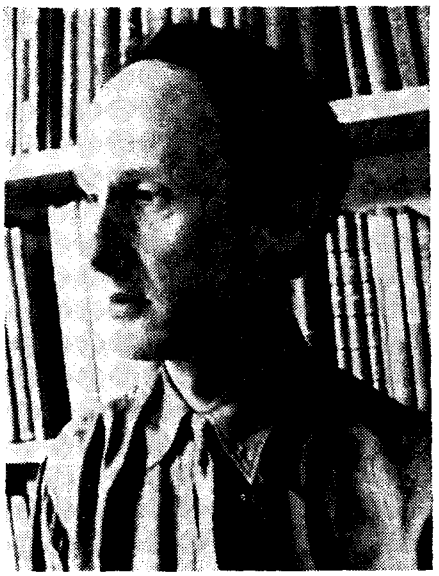
In the first two parts William Lamb is a wonderful, darkly-gleaming, late eighteenth-century artefact, brought to a final high polish by the age of the Regent and of Byron. Indolent, sensual, brilliant, tragic, a strange but intelligible combination of sensibility and skepticism, he can be examined both with curiosity and with admiration: only England, only Whig society in its final quasi-romantic flowering, only a private and abolished world could have produced such a gem.

"The Young Melbourne" is a masterpiece of artfulness. The biographer is also a lapidary, and the very exquisiteness of his work conceals from the reader a most disagreeable flaw in his hero's character. On reading the rest of Melbourne's life, when he assumed the role of Prime Minister and ruler of England, one can begin to appreciate what this flaw was.

One scene may, perhaps, serve to illustrate it. In 1841 Lord Melbourne's Government was faced with the problem of revising the Corn Laws. Momentous questions hung about the Cabinet's deliberations—questions of free trade versus protection, of the continued rule of the country gentry, of cheap bread (which in a period rightly known as the Hungry Forties was no joking matter). For weeks Lord Melbourne's Cabinet wrangled about fixed duties and sliding scales. "At last," Cecil writes, "in March, they came to an agreement and took their leave. As they went downstairs they heard the Prime Minister's voice calling to them. Looking up, they saw him leaning over the banisters. 'Stop a bit,' he said. 'What did we decide? Is it to lower the price of bread, or isn't it? It doesn't matter which, but we must all say the same thing'."

In a way Lord Melbourne was right: eventually there proved to be little relation between the repeal of the Corn Laws and the price of bread. But the tone is all wrong. Here is the amateur statesman, whom the English used to admire as an antidote to despotism and bureaucracy, and in whom the later Whigs rather specialized. It is, however, the amateur statesman in the worst possible light. What is wrong with the later Melbourne as a public servant now appears as a gross extension of what is wrong with the younger Melbourne as an ornament of Whig society. It is the unexpected vein of coarseness which runs through his character.

By coarseness I don't mean his oaths or his gormandizing or anything like that. I mean a peculiar kind of insensitivity. He was supremely sensitive within his own world, but towards anything unfamiliar or dull he turned a side of himself whose texture was as rough as a shark's skin. The statesman who would have liked to do something for the factory children but didn't much care to interfere was all of a piece with the statesman who while receiving earnest middle-class deputations amused himself by blowing a feather or cracking an unseemly joke. The factories, the rural laborers, the middle classes—all of contemporary history, in fact, that was not Whig social history—left him either unmoved or vaguely angry. He was the last polite word in political coarseness.



—Cecil Beaton

Lord David Cecil—"never dull."

AS I have said, David Cecil's "Melbourne" is all that one could seek in a biography designed as a work of art. And it is never dull. But if one is to examine the virtues and vices of English aristocracy in relation to government—its virtues of pliancy, its vices of amateurism—and this is to prod also into the roots of its social being—one has to be detailed, and one has to be occasionally dull. There is no charm in the spectacle of a country which in its agony is governed by a group of men who do their duty with an air of wishing that they were doing something else. And Lord Melbourne in the end did do something else. When Victoria ascended the throne he almost ceased to be her Prime Minister and became in effect her private secretary. The relationship between the two was delightful and touching; but as a result of it everything else got dreadfully muddled. And when at length the Queen dropped him, kindly, firmly, completely, there was literally nothing left. It might have been said of him that the Queen had killed his heart. But what really killed his heart—and this is what "Melbourne" indirectly teaches—was his refusal to recognize the principle of change. Fascinating, well-read, affectionate, gifted, he lacked any feeling for history. Historians and political analysts have been known to do without this feeling: but for men who try to be statesmen, or even worldlings, its absence is usually fatal.

They Lightly Ride

By Marion Canby

THE innocence of topmost twigs
Against the pale spring sky
Trusts in the sun.
Chill airs that run
Over the twiglets, wrapped about,
Cannot check the bursting out
Of buds that shine in mute appeal
To the Magnificence on high.
They rightly feel
The Conqueror is on their side;
A golden flock, they lightly ride
Upon the topmost twigs.

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Tortured King of the Short

"The Heart of O. Henry," by Dale Kramer *(Rinehart. 323 pp. $5), is a "romantic biography" of one of the most influential writers in the history of the short story. Warren Bower, our reviewer, is director of the Writing Center at New York University.*

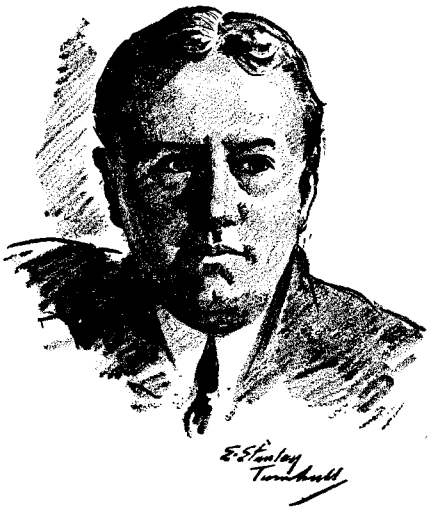
By Warren Bower

WRITERS in search of subjects for the biographical novel or the romantic biography, as Dale Kramer calls his "The Heart of O. Henry," might long before this have turned to William Sydney Porter. He is the ideal subject for an imaginative construction of probable scenes within the limits of sparse but established biographical facts. As one of the most influential short-story writers in the history of the form, he is known to millions of readers under his pseudonym "O. Henry," and loved for his storytelling skill and sympathy for the common people. But the man William Sydney Porter was known by comparatively few, and literally none of these understood him fully and intimately. He has become a national literary figure whose real nature is totally obscured by a myth.

A less scrupulous biographer than Mr. Kramer, who has been disciplined by previous books on Heywood Broun and Harold Ross, could have had a Freudian field day with such a subject. It is greatly to his credit that he has restrained himself, making interpretations of events in Porter's life which seemed in accord with his character as it was impressed upon such observers as Gilman Hall, one of his editors, Anne Partlan, perhaps his closest friend, and others who knew him well.

The major event in Porter's life, one overwhelmingly unfortunate yet one that undoubtedly contributed to starting his career as a short-story writer, was his conviction on charges of embezzlement while a teller in the First National Bank of Austin, Texas. Mr. Kramer's treatment of the whole episode, with its bizarre accompaniments of flight to avoid a trial, amazingly careless handling of money matters in the bank, and a lack of zeal in the local authorities to try the case, is the result of painstaking new research. If his verdict upon the question of Porter's guilt is a somewhat eager "Not proven," despite the actual jury's verdict, there is plenty of reason to doubt that justice was done. His conclusion that Porter's behavior was that of an innocent rather than a guilty man seems justified. In submitting this whole complex incident to a close scrutiny, despite the handicap of there being no detailed court records, Mr. Kramer has put a more sympathetic construction on acts, such as the flight from prosecution, which hitherto seemed damning.

Perhaps because this work was conceived as a "romantic biography" some attempt is made to build the romance between Porter and Athol Estes, who became his first wife, into a major element in the book. This simply does not come off, though it is clear that the relationship between them was the greatest emotional experience of Porter's life. Athol was a complex personality, who is not, regrettably, a fully realized character in these pages. The narrative dealing with the family life of the Porters is thin. This can only indicate a flagging of the author's imagination, since by special plea this is a biography in which invention of situations and conversation is allowed.



O. Henry—"self-effacing . . . tortured."

UNDOUBTEDLY Mr. Kramer is most successful, and the biography most readable and rewarding, after he launches Porter upon the O. Henry period of his life. When Porter came to New York, with his first few substantial stories already published in good magazines, he seemed to have found the only place in which he could work and where what he could do was appreciated. This period is vividly handled, with insights which extend our understanding of the man and his work. The invention of O. Henry's conversation and verbal quips is particularly happy.

What emerges from "The Heart of O. Henry"—an unfortunate choice of title as it suggests an anthology—is a vivid portrait of a man self-effacing in the extreme, tortured by a feeling of inadequacy and guilt, who nevertheless was able to make a world in which he could function and even attain eminence. It is in this fresh view of Porter that the importance of this book lies. Kramer's researches have turned up significant new material leading to a more sympathetic view of the blot on the reputation of an undeniably important writer. Not that it matters much to O. Henry readers; they have read him avidly, and will continue to do so, with utterly no care for the fact that he was once a "jailbird." More deeply concerned students of literature will find in "The Heart of O. Henry" justification for the warm sympathy with a man of talent whose sensitiveness was a warrant of trouble that they have always felt for William Sydney Porter. It is his reputation that will profit from this readable biography; there has never been even a shadow on O. Henry's.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 590

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 590 will be found in the next issue.

FXKH WJDH CXNCOX TOITHD

YRZU ERBX YNK

XFXKHEQRZS.

VNZFXKDXOH, CXNCOX

IREQ RBBXZDX OXRDJKX

YRZU ERBX YNK ZNEQRZS.

—XKZXDE URBZXE.

Answer to No. 589

Until the donkey tried to clear
The fence, he thought himself a
deer.—Arthur Guiterman.

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WEEKEND FUN

Goalposts in Covers

Do these autumn afternoons find you glued to your television screen, matching wits with the leading football coaches? To help increase your proficiency as an armchair strategist Al Silverman, sports editor of Argosy, *suggests ten books that belong in your library.*

By Al Silverman

ONE thing you can say about football with some certainty is that it has come a long way since that day in 1873 when the president of Cornell ungallantly turned down a student request that the football team be allowed to go west to meet Michigan. The Cornell headmaster, with a notable lack of foresight, told the petitioners this: "I will not permit thirty men to travel 400 miles merely to agitate a bag of wind."

Well, to show how cultural standards change, there are about 50,000 undergraduates agitating a football this fall, and other several million sideline agitators—students, coaches, alumni (actual), alumni (subway), and the relatively new species, the armchair strategist. This is the bird who watches football on television (he wouldn't be caught dead at a game) matching wits with the coach.

Most of the literature on football has been written not for the layman, but for the player, the coach, or the viper of a father who uses his child's blackboard to diagram plays. But enough general books on the subject have come along for a dedicated football fan to amass a respectable and well-rounded library.

As a starter, there is **"The Story of Football,"** by Lamont Buchanan (Vanguard Press, $5), which emerged first in 1947 and was revised in 1951. "The Story of Football" is a simple pictorial history of the sport, uncomplicated and superficial as most picture books are, but one which will at least give you a working knowledge of the game's evolution. Numerous photos of such immortals as Charlie Brickley, Brick Muller, George Gipp, Benny Friedman, Albie Booth, and Ernie Nevers enhance the past and make you realize how much the game has changed in its eighty-odd years of existence.

You might follow up "The Story of Football" with Charlie Caldwell's book published last year, **"Modern Football for the Spectator"** (Lippincott, $2.95). Caldwell is the eminent coach of the Princeton Tigers and, as befitting an Ivy Leaguer, he writes with erudition. For instance, he describes a football formation as "the ordered plan for implementing the play of the game." That's all right because he does a thorough and painstaking job of explaining—to the neglected layman—the fine points of football. There is even a chapter on how to read the write-up of the game in the Sunday paper. There is also a chapter called "Don't Watch the Ball." This is a favorite whipping boy of all coaches, who feel it is to the spectator's advantage to ignore the ball and watch the eleven men.

Mr. Caldwell wrote his first book, **"Modern Single Wing Football"** (Lippincott, $5), in 1951. He seems to have had an easier time explaining the single wing than in writing for the spectator, because this one reads better. Since the rise of the T Formation, the single wing has become almost obsolete, but Caldwell, with his use of flankers, men-in-motion, etc., had breathed new life into the system.

What Caldwell's book is to single wing football, Don Faurot's is to the Split T. In 1950, Faurot wrote **"Football: Secrets of the 'Split T' Formation"** (Prentice-Hall, $3.95). Since then, the book has gained wide acceptance as the definitive word on the subject. Faurot, who is head coach and athletic director at the University of Missouri, conceived the Split T in 1941 after losing Paul Christman, one of the country's most proficient prewar passers and single wing tailbacks. Actually, Faurot did the public a great favor. The Split T, with its pitch outs, down-field laterals, and running passes, has made football more exciting to watch. This book leaves out nothing in explaining the system.

A FAUROT disciple, Bud Wilkinson, wrote **"Oklahoma Split T Football"** (Prentice-Hall, $3.95) in 1952. Wilkinson has enjoyed a triumphant career at the University of Oklahoma —his teams once went thirty-one games without defeat—and he has been the most successful innovator of the Faurot system. Wilkinson writes with less formality than Faurot (and with less thoroughness) but explains his attack—which is based mainly on speed—with facility.

These are the composers, but probably the finest conductor of the T yet turned out is Otto Graham, quarterback of the Cleveland Browns' pro eleven. Graham turned author in 1953 and his **"Otto Graham T Quarterback"** (Prentice-Hall, $3.95) is a sound addition to the lore of the T. Graham does a modest and careful job analyzing his skills. The text is most elementary and especially suited for would-be Otto Grahams.

Graham learned much about football from his coach in the Navy, Lynn "Pappy" Waldorf of the University of California. Waldorf has learned much about the game from his twenty-nine years as a coach, and in 1952 he wrote about what he learned in **"This Game of Football"** (McGraw-Hill, $4). Waldorf writes about foot-

(*Continued on page* 31)

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The Saturday Review

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The Language War

WHEREVER we went in Asia last year we found evidence of mounting Soviet success in appropriating for its own use the words with the greatest popular appeal. This was more than the conventional propaganda routine of saying nice things about oneself and damning the enemy. Basically, it was an effort by the Soviet to infuse its own semantics into the tissue of the working language of other peoples.

In the ideological conflict now being fought today words like "peace," "freedom," and "democracy" have a premium value and are good to have on your side. Words like "imperialism," "colonialism," "tyranny" have negative striking power and hurt your opponent. The aim of Communist strategy is to put its own lexicon to work in the ordinary conversation of people or in the common usage of the communications fields.

Soon after we arrived in Hong Kong we met a Chinese musician on the ferry to Kowloon. It turned out he had fled two years earlier from Peking and he made no effort to hide his opposition to the Communist regime. He had relatives in Peking and other parts of China who were unable to escape, but some of them did manage to get word to him. There was no doubt in his mind that conditions in China were far less rosy than had been advertised on the Communist radio beamed at Hong Kong or in the Communist press. The musician made it clear that he was only one of countless thousands of Chinese who preferred incredibly crowded and economically uncertain Hong Kong to the desperate certainty of a totalitarian police state.

Despite his political beliefs, the musician seemed to me to have become something of a casualty in the language war.

"My parents and my two sisters tried to get out of the People's Democracy but couldn't," he said.

At first I thought he was using the term satirically, but the lack of sardonic emphasis and the casualness of further references to the "People's Democracy" made it clear that he was speaking out of customary usage.

"Letters from members of my family can be mailed out of the People's Democracy," he continued. "In my case they are sent to a third person who transmits them to me. The letters are heavily censored in Peking, but I am able to get a great deal out of them that the censor hasn't caught. Life up there is hard, very hard, even though the Democratic rulers claim that people are living better."

During our subsequent conversation the musician spoke warmly about the United States, though he had never been there, and said he didn't believe the terrible things being said by the Communists against the Americans. But interspersed in his remarks were offhand references to "your capitalist empire" or the "American corporate state."

THE musician was by no means unique. In talking to a wide variety of people in Hong Kong I found that the term "People's Democracy" had become a standardized reference. Throughout a large part of Southeast Asia, in fact, I met many people who appeared to accept the Communist terminology even though they disagreed with the reality behind it. It may be argued that what a thing is called is unimportant so long as no one is fooled by the thing itself. Yet even words that are bent all out of shape can serve a purpose in the ideological war today, especially in Asia. For what is in contention is the allegiance or support of one billion human beings, only a comparatively small number of whom may draw a distinction in their minds between a word and the thing it is supposed to describe. If the Soviet can get even its opponents in Asia to accept its terminology, it has a tremendous advantage with the infinitely larger number whose basic needs and hopes are unaffected by political sophistication. And the many millions of Asians want liberation, peace, freedom, democratic government. They are afraid of imperialism, colonialism, tyranny. These words have an awesome striking power, affirmatively or negatively, and the Soviet has put them to work in her own behalf.

A few weeks after leaving Hong Kong we visited the American military hospitals for American soldiers who had just been liberated from the prison camps of North Korea. Perhaps we spoke to a dozen men; in almost every instance it became clear that their language had yet to be liberated from the influence of the camps. The way the men declared their innocence was through the jargon of propaganda.

"I didn't cooperate with the North Koreans or the Chinese," was a typical answer. "I was a Reactionary. A few of the fellows played ball with the People's Democracy. Sure, we went to the lectures and the movies and heard all about the Democracy. But I played it strictly Reactionary from the start."

Thus was innocence associated with anti-social behavior or backward political thought, and guilt with the cause of freedom. Perhaps this is only one reflective part of a mixed-up age, but the matter cannot be dismissed so simply. We do not improve our precarious position in the world merely by remarking at the quaintness of an Alice-in-Wonderland situation in living history. Words have connotations. So long as peace is believed to be good, so long as freedom remains a human aspiration, so long as national independence is a shining goal for people who do not have it, words will be weapons. Along with our high explosives, we could use some potent ideas—fashioning them in a way that helps to associate America with the building of a world that makes sense. We are wrong if we think that all we have to do is to engage in a word-distortion contest or a competition in insincerity with the Soviet. Our words should reflect the acts and the facts. If they don't, then we have at last located our real inner weakness.

—N. C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

DEER HUNTING AND CONSERVATION

I AGREE with Cleveland Amory's opinion of bullfighting [TRADE WINDS, Sept. 18], but I cannot agree with him about deer-hunting, particularly with his statement about its proving the inadequacy of conservation and the hopelessness of leaving such matters to the individual states. I speak only for Wisconsin, where I lived for twenty-five years. I have never hunted, nor has anyone in my family, but I feel there is no better solution to the deer problem. There just would be too many deer if some were not killed; many would starve to death. Hungry deer can do terrible damage. Valuable crops would be destroyed if the number of deer was not controlled.

Wisconsin is very aware of the problem of conservation. Deer season there is a means of conservation, which we define as being the *wise use* of resources. It is very carefully regulated so that the deer number is kept at the optimum level. As for that streak of sadism in man that makes him enjoy deerhunting, most of us have a bit of it in us, even if its only outlet is in reading murder mysteries. As for the hard death that the deer die, have you ever seen a goose butchered on a farm? Nature itself is a bit inhumane sometimes.

MARY STIMERS.

LaPorte, Ind.

DEBUNKING DE BULL

I HAVE JUST READ Cleveland Amory's column on bullfighting. It's not only the horses that are blindfolded—it's all those normal persons who have deluded themselves into thinking they like bullfighting.

Four years ago in Barcelona my husband and I went with an English friend to a bullfight. Curiosity dragged me there, for I knew I should dislike it. I was not prepared to be so utterly sickened and saddened as I was. I had been born and reared on a ranch in Montana and until my late teens was accustomed to see a great many terrible things happen to animals—accidents, illness, and violent death, but never, never wanton cruelty. Our friend, an English country gentleman, sat with bowed head after the first bull went down. The thing that stuck most in my mind and something that for a long time I could not speak of or recall without a stab of pain was the look in the eyes of the first bull when he was let through the gates. His eyes were not red and wild; they were gentle and expectant as if he had been let out among friends. Fifteen minutes later his tail was hacked from his body, a rope was quickly attached to his horns, and behind a galloping horse he was dragged from the ring. After the third bull we could take no more. It took courage to get up and pardon our way out through abusive comments and laughter. Just outside my husband handed three, still-good tickets to a wistful idler who probably never had had the price of a seat in the *torrero*. His stupefied stare after us was the only funny thing in a ghasty afternoon. Someone said to me as we went by, in a soft taunting voice, "No gusto?" Now I know very little Spanish; my reply must have been instinct born of loathing. "No me gusto!" said I in a loud, clear voice and I say it again, "No me gusto."

MRS. C. E. SUNDERLIN.

Washington, D.C.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"And see that this gargoyle is replaced immediately!"

BRAVE BULLY BOYS

CONGRATULATIONS on Cleveland Amory's column. He gave the bull-throwing crowd a well-deserved blast. I have been doing it, in a small way, for some time and so I feel that I should tell him that this is not going to make him popular. As a member of the staff of Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh, I opposed the purchase of that wretched book "Matador." The female members of the book committee hooted at my objections and the book was bought. One woman friend of mine, a woman of considerable taste and refinement, stunned me the other day by telling me that she had attended a bullfight this past summer and had enjoyed it. I very quickly, and with some heat, expressed my opinion of bullfights, bullfighters, and persons who attend. She somewhat lamely told me that she thought the men in their tight trousers were "exciting." There you have it. The fact is, there is only one way in which a bullfight would be acceptable. Let a matador enter the ring unattended, and with such natural equipment as the Almighty gave him; that is to say, his bare hands.

I have long been an admirer of John Muir, but I never encountered, so far as I can recall, that fine passage from his journals with which Amory closed his article. What can the hunters say to it? I am pleased to note each year a marked increase in accidental deaths among those brave fellows. Do they shoot each other?

G. S. WEIGHT (Capt.)
Valley Forge Military Academy.

Wayne, Pa.

PRO MATADOR

WHILE I WOULD NOT take arms against Cleveland Amory for his quips about bulls, I do believe he should be corrected on a few points. More than two nations practise the art of the *toro*. France (in the south), Portugal, Peru, Venezuela, Colombia, Ecuador, some cities in North Africa, and even on the West Coast in the Portuguese settlements of Canada. I believe you can also find bullfighting in several other South American nations. I don't understand what Amory means when he implies it is smart to be an *aficionado*. Some people like red ties, others blue and green. Isn't that what makes this little ol' world go round?

Another point: No woman has ever become a matador! Much less American women. The closest Ava Gardner got to a bull was in a first *barrera* or on the arm of Luis Miguel Dominguin. Only one American became a matador. His name was Sidney Franklin and it took him over twenty-five years to do it! Bette Ford did have a few fights early this year, killing her first animals at that time, but she is not a matador. As far as Pat McCormick is concerned, she started about two years ago under the egis of one Alejandro del Herro, a second-rate *banderillero*.

J. L. HARRISON.

Beverly Hills, Calif.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Hope Springs Internal

DONALD WETZEL'S short novel "A Wreath and a Curse" would not seem a likely prospect for stage adaptation. It is a pale, internal story told in the first person by a young man named Don who has been crippled in a college dormitory fire. Deprived of a normal future, Don gains a special reflective view of life around him. He watches his family as they live under the threat of having their house washed away unless they build a wall to prevent the river from undermining it. There is his father, who becomes obsessed with doing small things such as electrocuting his neighbor's chickens or writing his Congressman rather than comprehending the true situation; his mother, who uses God as an excuse for inaction; his sister, Ruth, so concerned with her own prettiness that she has lost all capacity to understand anyone else; and his sister's husband, Harry, who drowns out the real world in the noise of his machine shop. There is also Willie, a ten-year-old kid brother still blessed with his youth's vision, who is freshly sensitive to the realities of the world around him, particularly the river's erosion, and who attempts to build a wall. The novel ends in despair and tragedy; the house is destroyed, Willie drowned, and Ruth miscarries when she falls downstairs trying to salvage an armful of dresses.

Certainly the struggle between man and the river—the book's most dramatic element—is difficult to present on the stage. What can be shown is the less dramatic comparison between the sensitivities of the older members of the family and young Willie.

But Robert Anderson (before writing "Tea and Sympathy") found a great deal of himself in the novel, and courageously adapted it into a play entitled **"All Summer Long."** Choosing the path of interior drama, he made it the story of an older boy who begins a summer of teaching his young brother, and ends up learning from him. What he learns is that instead of criticizing others he should have swallowed his pride, taken a mechanical job, and put his salary towards the building of a cement wall. This is an alternative not offered to Don in the novel. Mr. Anderson has softened the tragic ending to permit Willie and Ruth to come through the flood unscathed. He has rounded the characters by giving each a claim for sympathy absent in the book.

Moreover, Mr. Anderson has strengthened the wider implications of the play for a civilization preoccupying itself with a number of insignificant things while the threat of total destruction comes closer. After praising Willie for having done his utmost to fend off disaster—even though he knew it probably wouldn't work—Don says, "But you remember that even if we try in different ways to ignore it, to bury our heads in books, or chickens, or God, or motors, or just being beautiful, when the time comes and the river rises we will still feel the trembling of the earth beneath us, and we will be afraid."

To aid the author, Jo Mielziner has designed a poetic set with a river that changes from a silver-blue to lavender, from reddish-bronze to gold. Between each of the nine scenes he subtly reminds the audience of the water's imminent victory by projecting the rippling surface of the river against a full curtain. Albert Hague's background music is equally poetic and helpful. Under Alan Schneider's thoughtful direction, the acting is extremely true. Every character is completely involved in whatever is going on and there are no false notes. John Kerr as Don, Clay Hall as Willie, and Ed Begley, June Walker, John Randolph, and Carroll Baker in the other roles all give such authentic and internal portrayals that there is little showy enough to arouse individual comment. These performances faintly touch rather than stimulate or excite.

"All Summer Long" sacrifices impact for being as lifeless as life itself. Little that happens urgently commands our minds or our attention. Maybe that is its point. Maybe it challenges us to ignore it as Willie's parents did him. It is poetry without "poetry," acting without "acting," and drama without "drama." Certainly, for a play so short on vitality, "All Summer" is too long. But it is impossible to see it without gaining an increased respect for everyone responsible for its making.

* * *

The problems of home preservation are also the subject of Walter Macken's **"Home Is the Hero."** While the title might seem to be a poetic way of announcing the return of the play's leading character, it actually is a simple declarative statement to the effect that a home is more important than any individual in it.

This theme is borne out by a poor

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Irish household, whose head is serving five years in jail for killng a man in a brawl. The son, a slightly crippled cobbler, has worked long hours of overtime to keep the shabby home together. When his father comes back to find his wife a tippler, his daughter running around with a "trickey," his son about to marry the daughter of the man he killed, and a disreputable couple living in his house as paying boarders, he tries bullheadedly to repeal the situation. But his son tells him, "This house was all right, and I'm tellin' you now to leave it as it was and if you don't like it you leave it to itself. You destroyed us, but we built oursel' back into what we are now, however poor, and .nothing is going to change that." In the end home wins out and Paddo leaves, like Ibsen's Gregers Werle.

Unfortunately, this play, which set a record when produced by the Abbey Theatre and which reads well in book form, has lost a great deal in its New York production. Except for Mr. Macken's Paddo the Irish melody is forced or inadequate. Worthington Miner's direction is mechanical and treats the play as an interminable series of posed sequences. Keeping the grim story mildly amusing seems to be the approach. As a result, the actors make generally attractive but patently synthetic solo appearances. There is seldom a moment where their good acting instincts can assert themselves to give us a response that seems to come out of the interrelationship of characters. Home may be the hero, but unheroic producers can reduce its proportions until it is barely distinguishable from a unit in a mass housing project.

—Henry Hewes.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

PIN THE TAIL ON THE DONKEY

Mrs. B. L. Dolbear of Belmont, Massachusetts, offers ten quoted references to asses in literature and asks you to identify the sources. You should get eight identifications, you may get nine, you could even get ten, in which case *you're* nobody's donkey. Answers on page 37.

1. They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
   The Courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep
   And Bahrám, that great Hunter—the Wild Ass
   Stamps o'er his Head, but cannot break his Sleep.
2. And the ass saw the angel of Jehovah standing in the way with his sword in his hand; and the ass turned aside out of the way, and went into the field.
3. I don't know whether my aunt had any lawful right of way over that patch of green; but she had settled it in her own mind that she had, and it was all the same to her. The one great outrage of her life, demanding to be constantly avenged, was the passage of a donkey over that immaculate spot.
4. "What has happened to your tail?" he said in surprise.
   "What has happened to it?" said Eeyore.
   "It isn't there!"
   "Are you sure?"
   "Well, either a tail is there or it isn't there. You can't make a mistake about it. And yours isn't there!"
5. With regard to the ass he paused a little; endeavoring to recollect whether any knight-errant had ever carried a squire mounted on ass-back: but no instance of the kind occurred to his memory.
6. Come sit thee down upon this flowery bed,
   While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
   And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
   And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.
7. "Why, you two fellows are better able to carry the poor beast than he you."
   "Anything to please you," said the old man, "we can but try."
   So alighting with his son, they tied the legs of the ass together, and by the help of a long pole endeavored to carry him over a bridge.
8. A lovely ladie rode him fair beside
   Upon a lowly asse more white than snow.
9. On examination, on the morning of October 4, Modestine was pronounced unfit for travel. . . . Before ten I had an offer of twenty-five francs; and before noon, after a desperate engagement, I sold her, saddle and all, for five and thirty.
10. The last seen of lone Hunilla she was passing into Payta town, riding upon a small gray ass; and before her on the ass's shoulders, she eyed the jointed workings of the beast's armorial cross.

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Notes in a Passport

A CLERK in the hallowed halls of Claridge's in London picked up the phone and listened while a lady asked in what room of the hotel she might find a certain British comedian of the genre, say, of Red Buttons. The clerk, without bothering to consult his room roster, merely replied in precise syllables, "Madam, THIS is Claridge's!" . . . anyone who wants to go slumming can stay in the Savoy, which is Claridge's less expensive cousin. It is charging $11.76 a day for a compact single room with a convertible day-bed to sleep on.

* * *

Sitting at Rosati's on the Via Veneto in Rome I heard from travelers about the Southern belle who had just completed the grand tour of Italy. "How did you like Florence?" the dazzled girl was asked. Her eyes popped open wide and she said, "Aw-wull those pain-tin's!" They asked her about Rome. Her eyes grew wide again, and she said, "Aw-wull those roo-ins!" Finally, she had been to Venice, and when asked about *it* she threw up her hands. "Aw-wull that whoa-ta!" she exclaimed in utter despair.

* * *

Friend of ours named Michael Mindlin has been whiling away the summer in Venice handling the press for Katharine Hepburn's new picture "Summertime" and also shepherding visiting American friends about town. When the invitations from the tourists get too heavy he begs off. "Can't make it," he explains, "Tonight I have to wash and mend my money." Tucking a roll of Scotch tape in his pocket he goes whistling down a canal and spends the evening putting his fragile Italian bank notes back in shape.

* * *

The validity of first- and second-class air travel became perfectly clear to me when I flew to Paris on Pan-American's red-carpet President flight and returned from Prestwick in their tourist-class DC-6. At the door of the President was a flying *maître d'hotel* in a white dinner jacket. On the menu was a choice of filet mignon, half a lobster, and partridge of the snows of Tibet. In a private stateroom up front was a well-known American merchant traveling with his private physician and nurse. The tourist flight was filled to the gunwhales; you paid for your drinks, and breakfast was French toast, apple ring, and coffee, no choice, no charge, and no snow from Tibet. The speed and strict attention to safety factors were the same. The difference was in comfort, trappings, and price ($135).

* * *

Sixteen days abroad required five flights inside Europe, two of them aboard the new Vickers Viscount, a turbo-prop airplane shortly to be introduced over here first by Trans-Canada and then by Capital Airlines. Big oval windows extend from the passenger's head to the bottom of the seat, the noise factor has been markedly cut, and several seats face the rear, said to be a safety feature in case of a crash. Steep descents marked the flights, reminiscent of a Convair, and the only thing I can say for this procedure is that it reduces time spent descending through bumpy air.

* * *

I think that I shall never see a bathroom as lovely as the three I have just added to my collection of rare *lavabos*. 1. The expanse appended to my room in the soigné Hotel Bristol in Paris had a band of tan mosaic running around a white tiled wall, indirect lighting over a pair of matched washstands, indirect light inside the stall shower, a spotlight secreted inside an enlarging mirror, and dial thermometers on all water taps. 2. The one in the Negresco at Nice, a study in blue and white, with all plumbing stashed away in separate compartments and the whole expanse fully large enough to qualify as a three-room apartment in New York. 3. That delightful touch in the Sirenuse at Positano, the only balcony bathroom I've ever seen, separated from the level of the room by a short circular stairway.

* * *

And remembering Positano, a German painter in that art-conscious place sat down with globe-circling Adlai Stevenson last year and had an hour and a half's knowledgeable chat on the subject of art and artists. Finally the pair got up and shook hands. The artist had missed the visitor's name, and out of curiosity asked, "By the way, are you a sculptor or a painter?"

* * *

We had the pleasure of having breakfast with Mr. Arthur Buchwald in Paris, and since the hotel operator was somewhat remiss in removing us from the sack at the specified time we were less than formal when the old French hand arrived. While we shaved we bid Mr. Buchwald, columnist for the Paris edition of the *New York Herald-Tribune,* to get on the pipe and order breakfast. We looked in once while scraping our beard and found the noted Parisian *vis-à-vis* a tailcoated, boiled-shirted waiter. Mr. B. was speaking and it went like this: "*Boor et pane et deux uff fried.*" That done, Arthur took a long drag on his cigar, spun around to us, and said, "What do you say we go to the Belgian Congo on October 16?"

* * *

New restaurants to add to the old list: Coco Beach at the edge of Nice, where all the cooking is over charcoal and the waiter wheels a cart right up to your table loaded with live lobsters. . . . *Chez Joseph* in Paris, with enough potted palms to have been decorated by Bemelmans. . . . Most fascinating toy store in Europe: *Au Nain Bleu,* on the Faubourg St. Honoré. . . . Most gracious place to eat in London: *Simpson's in the* Strand. And roast beef is back.

* * *

Final Note: Will the architect of the new Airlines Terminal building, built by the Port of New York Authority, kindly explain why passengers are deposited by airport limousines at a side entrance and then are required to march across the entire building, then down a flight of steps to reach the taxis? Porters must hand-carry baggage down the escalator two pieces at a time and then return for another load. It seems impossible that some vista-domed planner didn't foresee that one. —HORACE SUTTON.

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Choo-Choo to B'way

ONE late-winter's afternoon back in 1949 a New Haven Railroad train eased out of the Hartford, Connecticut depot, streaked for New Haven, then ran south along Long Island Sound stopping at commuter towns along the way. Aboard the train were 650 bound for Broadway.

In five years the New Haven has run over fifty show-trains bringing 650 suburban New Yorkers to the Broadway theatre an hour-and-a-half before curtain time and returning them to their communities the same night. Rail and theatre tickets are sold together and one cannot be purchased without the other. Transportation is about half the regular fare and the theatre tickets are pegged at box-office prices. Members of the cast go up to Hartford and ride back to Broadway.

This summer a theatrical promoter named Alexander H. Cohen reversed the procedure and sent buses filled with New Yorkers out into the hinterlands to see a pre-Broadway tryout. This switch was tried twice before by the New Haven R.R., which took New Yorkers to New Haven to see pre-Broadway trials of "Two on the Aisle" and "Love and Let Love." Cohen, however, is talking about organizing bus tours to bring New Yorkers to all tryout plays and even of operating a summer show-of-the-week.

Six hundred citizens of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, organized by the local Kiwanis Club hooked a string of cars on a Lehigh Valley train recently and came to New York to see "Tea House of the August Moon," an excursion preceded by displays in Bethlehem store-windows and civic blessing. Proof that show-trains, movie-trains (the New Haven once ran a TV train), and now even opera-trains are big new notions comes in the special *SR* reports that follow. —H. A. S.

COLUMBUS, OHIO: If all goes as planned 200 Central Ohians will arrive at New York's Grand Central Station Sunday morning, October 10, see four stage shows, "Cinerama Holiday," the stage-screen offering at Radio City Music Hall, a supper club, the United Nations, and sundry other attractions in the five days that follow.

And all should go as planned, because this will be the fifth such New York Theatre Party escorted by the *Columbus* (Ohio) *Citizen*, a newspaper that still is surprised at being in the theatre and travel business. The project grew out of the philosophy of sending Mohammed to the mountain. Columbus is a good theatre town, usually cordial in its reception to traveling plays (if they're good) that

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come to the Hartman Theatre there. But in the past few years "the road" hasn't been entirely satisfactory.

The *Citizen* announced its first Theatre Party in January 1952 while I was in New York writing a seasonal series of reviews and features on the new plays. The paper halted publicity on the project three days after the announcement; our quota was filled.

The reasons were not hard to find. We'd picked good shows, already had tickets for them, had a good midtown location (the Paramount Hotel, which we still use), and a good price. Each traveler got to see six shows (including "Cinerama" and Radio City Music Hall), some other attractions, and had hotel, train, tips—everything but food—included in the package price of $97.50, for five days in Manhattan.

The Ohioans were delighted. New York is fascinating but fearful to people from other parts of the country—some people, that is. They know that theatregoing in Manhattan is a great adventure, but aren't sure how to approach it. For one thing, they're afraid they may get fleeced on tickets in the Big City (not an entirely remote possibility). For another, they're not sure where to go, what restaurants to visit, or how much to tip.

That first Theatre Party was in March 1952. Close to 250 people went on the second, a year later, after which we limited the group to 200; larger groups were harder to handle and ticket blocs of more than 200 were difficult to get.

Word of the *Citizen*'s Theatre Parties went far beyond Central Ohio. We've had people along from such distant points as Kansas City, Detroit, Buffalo, and White Sulphur Springs. We had to turn down a request from New York itself. The man said our party sounded like fun, and we had good tickets to the best shows. He wanted to join us on our arrival at Grand Central.

The *Citizen*'s junket costs $99.50, the extra two dollars having gone into orchestra seats instead of the balcony seats of the first trip. Here's the lineup for October 9-15 trip:

Sunday evening, October 10—"A Midsummer Night's Dream," by the Old Vic Company at the Metropolitan Opera House.

Monday—"Cinerama Holiday." Evening—"Tea House of the August Moon."

Tuesday afternoon—United Nations tour. Evening—"The Pajama Game."

Wednesday matinee—"On Your Toes," with Vera Zorina (it opens Monday, October 11). Evening—(optional) dinner and the ice revue at the Hotel New Yorker.

Thursday—Radio City Music Hall.

As nearly as we've been able to measure, the Theatre Parties to New York have actually helped show-business in Columbus. Some of the travelers become patrons of the theatre at home, where they hadn't been before; others find their theatre appetites stimulated by the experience. New York's show-business colony is happy about it; in fact, Manhattan in general gains $30,000 or $40,000 each time we bring 200 people in for a five-day stay. (Food and shopping make the difference.)

—Norman Nadel.

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY: The first Louisville "opera-train" was organized by Dwight Anderson, music editor of the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, and is an outgrowth of a "theatre-train" which was sponsored by the same newspaper.

Early last March Boyd Martin, drama editor of the *Courier-Journal*, asked his readers how many of them would be interested in a New York trip which would include train fare, hotel accommodations, and tickets to six plays in a package deal costing approximately $90. He was deluged with requests, and the first theatre-train was born. Another has since traveled to New York, and two more, scheduled for next December, are already fully subscribed.

One of Mr. Martin's readers wrote that she was not interested in a theatre-train, but would he please consider organizing an opera-train. Martin passed her request along to Dwight Anderson. After contacting the press bureau of the Metropolitan Opera House and finding that the Met would be interested in helping him plan such a trip, Anderson announced in the *Courier-Journal* that such a trip would be organized if enough of his readers were interested.

As a result of the response to his announcement, the first opera-train will leave Louisville on Tuesday, November 23. Tickets have been reserved at the Metropolitan in the best section for the evening performances on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, November 24 to 27. The return trip will leave New York Sunday, November 28.

The cost of the trip will be $96 for each traveler. This includes transportation on air-conditioned coaches with dining-car and lounge facilities, four nights at the Taft Hotel, and the four opera tickets. If anyone wants to attend the Saturday matinee in addition to the evening performances the cost of the trip will be increased by $8.50. Some subscribers, instead of attending the Met that afternoon, are planning to hear a Saturday matinee of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony, conducted by Bruno Walter, at an additional cost of $4.50.

At the present time about 100 opera fans have "signed" for the trip.

—William Mootz.

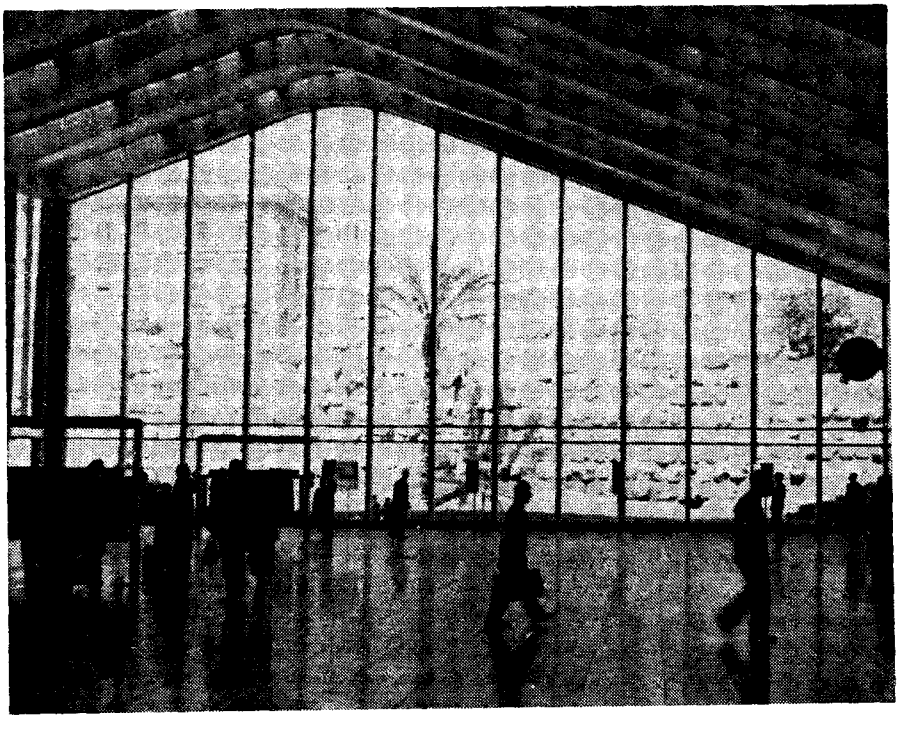

PHOTO AWARDS: The grace and composition of modern design is caught in this picture of Rome's ultra-new railroad station by Cono Casella, of Brooklyn, New York. He used a Kodak Retina IIa. This picture is one of the entries in *The Saturday Review*'s World Travel Photo Awards. Among the twenty-seven prizes offered for winning photographs is a fifteen-day expense-paid holiday in Europe arranged by Pan-American World Airways. Deadline for entries is October 15. For details, write Photo Contest, *The Saturday Review*, 25 W. 45th St., New York 36, New York, or see recent issue of the magazine.

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Weekend Fun

Continued from page 23

ball much the same as the other coaches, except that he has a sense of humor. For instance, he tells of the Monday after a losing game when he received the following letter from a convent in Michigan. The message read, "We don't have a football team, either. (Signed) Sister Mary."

Easily the most entertaining of this fall's collection is **"This Was Football,"** by Pudge Heffelfinger, as told to John McCallum (A. S. Barnes, $3). The late Grantland Rice, who contributes a loving foreword, always referred to Pudge as "the greatest Roman of them all." Indeed, Heffelfinger was a remarkable man. One of the game's all-time linemen, he played football, *played* the game, for fifty years. When he was fifty-four he was bowling over opponents in an all-star charity contest between Minnesota and Ohio State grads; he played his last game at the age of sixty-five.

This is less a story about Pudge Heffelfinger than it is a Heffelfinger who's who in football. He covers every section of the country, reports on all the important developments, and usually has a story to tell about all of the great players. In fact, the book is heavily flecked with anecdotes. Heff loved football. He once said, "A game that can keep you young and vibrant and all steamed up is a precious thing." Heffelfinger, who died this April at the age of eighty-six, has written a vibrant book.

An interesting approach to the sport is **"Winning Football Plays"** (A. S. Barnes, $3), edited by Dave Camerer. What Camerer has done is compile three pet plays—two running and one passing—of twenty-one famous college coaches. There is a short biography of all twenty-one coaches with their plays, and each play is accompanied by a diagram. This makes the book easy as pie to understand and gives the reader a pretty fair standard to compare the techniques of the leading coaches in the country.

No season would be complete without a contribution from a coach. This fall it is **"Bobby Dodd on Football"** (Prentice-Hall, $3.95). In his nine years at Georgia Tech, Dodd teams have won five post-season bowl games. (It must be apparent by now that only successful coaches write books on football; unsuccessful coaches write fiction.) Dodd treads a well-beaten path explaining the fundamentals of the game, but his book is worth reading for the illuminating chapters on his own system at Georgia Tech.

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—CHARLES ROLO, *The Atlantic*

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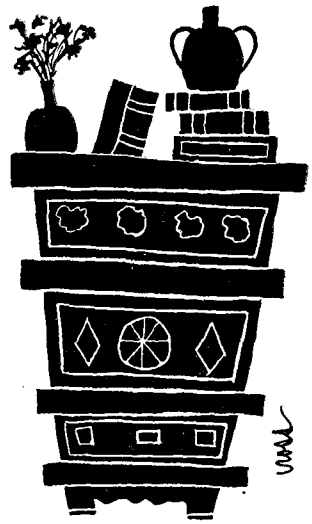
Big Book Business

Continued from page 11

large and small, try to find or to develop at least one able editor who, like Perkins, is animated by a strong sense of obligation to the standards of good taste and literary excellence. And it can be safely said, I think, that the publisher who has such an editor on his staff is likely to be larger than the publisher who does not. With equal safety it can be further ventured that the publisher who is so fortunate to have two such editors is likely to be somewhat larger than the publisher who is fortunate enough to have only one. From this general observation one could easily argue that top quality is more likely to occur in a large publisher's list than in a small publisher's. It is not necessarily so, but the odds seem to be favorable.

This is not to say, of course, that the *average* literary quality of a large publisher's list is likely to be higher than that of a small firm's. This definitely is not so. Obviously, this is not a matter of mathematical average; rather, it is a matter of thresholds of occurrence. The main point here is that even with a lower average level of quality in a large list there could be a wider threshold for the very top quality. All of which is a rather laborious and pedantic way of saying that the size of a publishing firm really has little or nothing to do with the successful pursuit of literary quality.

THIS discussion leads inevitably to the question: in the scale of big business in America, just how big is the book business at its best? This is a basic question, of course, and the answer is easy and clear. As everyone in it knows, the book business is really a peanut-size industry. Moreover, it is full of many small firms, most of which are operated on highly personalized and individualistic patterns that have no resemblance whatever to the typical operations of large corporations.



In fact, the peanut industry itself is well ahead of the trade-book industry in size. In the last year for which comparable figures are available (1952) the "farm value" of the peanut crop in the U.S. was about $147 million, while trade publishers realized only $100 million for their crop. By further comparison, the dog-food industry was about twice as large in that year, and the hunting-and-fishing equipment industry was about five times larger.

And just how big are the biggest firms in the book business? Again, by comparison they are only peanut-size operations. In a recent survey fifty-six trade-book publishers, including all the big ones, reported sales for 1953 totaling $42 million. (These figures do not include juvenile books and reprints, which obviously have no bearing on this discussion.) Thus, the average sales volume was about $800,000 for each house. The median probably would be somewhat lower, because there are a few houses of substantial size. However, even the biggest of our trade-book publishers is microscopic in size when compared with a really big industrial firm like General Electric or General Motors. General Electric, for example, has higher dollar sales in a single day than the total trade-book industry has in a full year. And about two hours of General Motor's billings on any fine morning would be equal to another full year of all the billings of all trade-book publishers in the country.

With these facts and figures in mind, is it possible to conjure up a picture of the book business as a commercial colossus that is pressing down a crown of low-grade literary thorns on the cultural brow of the nation? No. Both the idea and the focus are wrong. The book business truly is nothing like that big and powerful or that bad.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1071)

GWEN RAVERAT:
PERIOD PIECE

We were sent to Hanover to learn German. . . . Here, we heard of the death of Queen Victoria, which surprised me; though I knew it was impossible that she should live forever, yet at the same time I had thought that perhaps she might.

Fiction

Continued from page 17

bungles the case he finds the circle closed tightly and permanently against him. In short, this is the tragedy of a small-town man crushed by the pettiness of the small-town mind.

The Creoles, the mountaineers, and the Pikes will be remembered chiefly because of the novels of George Cable, Mary Noailles Murfree, and Bret Harte. The Bedders of Arkansas have found their chronicler—and a thoroughly competent one—in Francis Gwaltney. —HAROLD J. MASON.

BOY GROWING UP: Over the American Midwest some writers have poured out their pain and bitterness. Others, like Hamlin Garland and Carl Sandburg, have celebrated it. It is this latter side which Frederic Babcock takes with his first novel, **"Hang Up the Fiddle"** (Doubleday, $3.95). He gives us vivid scenes of life in Nebraska, from about 1907 to 1914, capturing above all things the sense of dedication and idealism in the young man named Peter Quick.

Peter's ambition is to be a newspaperman. His opportunity and early training in the ethics of the profession are given by the publisher-editor of the New Athens weekly *Telegraph*, Judson Welling, who had once been secretary to W. J. Bryan and grooms himself to resemble his idol.

Peter's great friend is Duffy Skinner, a boy with something of Huck Finn in him, the son of an outlaw. As a young man he begins to make a place for himself and then, as if his morale had broken, suddenly slumps. He becomes implicated in a murder. The covering of this case is Peter's first big job as he battles for his friend, first on the *Telegraph*, then on the larger daily in his college town. With skill, Mr. Babcock uses this complex and protracted struggle to mature Peter and test his integrity.

It is in the very close of the book that the story wavers and loses some of its otherwise consistent effectiveness. Peter is regrettably forced to make a crucial decision, in support of his idealism, that is technically outside the law and somewhat inconclusive. This reservation is minor when weighed against the vividly authentic evocation of many facets of American character. Peter's idealism in journalism and politics, his identification with the great tradition of Midwestern liberalism, his tentative reaching toward the Quaker vision of each man's "inner light," all are elements that have fed the vigor of our land.

—EDMUND FULLER.

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NEW EDITIONS

Governments of Just Deserts

IT is a commonplace, if not quite a truth, that every people gets the government it deserves; and it is a truth, if not quite a commonplace, that every age makes the translations it desires. It takes the great classics and refashions them to accord with its esthetic tastes and intellectual and emotional needs—with what amazingly different results! Put a half-dozen English translations of Homer side by side, for example—as Professor Wilson, better known as Christopher North, once did—and you will find that they have little in common but the basic narrative line. Chapman, Dryden, Tickel, Pope, Cowper, Sotheby, and their successors, all tell the same tale: but how variously they tell it. And in each version the voice of an age is heard, as well as the individual accents of the translator. In the field of prose the range of difference is less than in the field of poetry, but it is still considerable. Compare Jacques Le Clercq's translation of Rabelais with that of Urquhart and Motteux; compare Trechemann's and Florio's translations of Montaigne. In each case one moves from one world of language into another.

During recent years the publisher of Penguin Books, Sir Allen Lane, has been notably active in commissioning translations of the classics formulated for the requirements of mid-twentieth-century readers of English. Some of these—E. V. Rieu's version of the "Odyssey" above all—have been extraordinarily successful. And now four more new Penguins are ready to act as intermediaries between the world of Greek literature and readers of various degrees of Greeklessness. The four are "The Histories of Herodotus" ($1), translated by Aubrey de Selincourt; Rex Warner's version of Thucydides' "The Peloponnesian War" ($1); Euripides's "The Bacchae," "Ion," "The Women of Troy," and "Helen," in a single volume (50¢), translated by Philip Vellacott; and "Fables of Aesop" (65¢), translated by S. A. Handford, with drawings by Brian Robb. Mr. Selincourt and Mr. Warner have put their histories into English that is always easy and often colloquial; which means that the style of Thucydides has been deliberately misrepresented—but so it should be, no doubt, if he is to be made truly popular. And both these translations should prove popular, for they are thoroughly enjoyable. So far as my own library goes, however, Mr. Selincourt's "Herodotus" will not supersede Rawlinson's, and Mr. Warner's "Thucydides" will not replace Crawley's. Mr. Vellacott has conveyed Euripides's meanings into English, but has left most of the poetry behind. His degree of success varies with the several plays: "Helen" seems to be well within his grasp, while "The Bacchae" burns beyond his reach. S. A. Handford's translation of Aesop is, as it should be, as simple and lucid as possible. To read straight through the 207 fables of this collection is to move among the oldest of friends. It seems as if one had always known these moral tales, and never learned them, but merely breathed them in with the air of Western civilization.

STILL speaking of translations, Samuel Putnam's highly successful translation of "Don Quixote" is now available in a one-volume edition of more than 1,000 pages (Viking, $4.95); while those who prefer to read the melancholy knight's adventures in a skilfully abridged version may do so in "Don Quixote of La Mancha" (Macmillan, $4.50), translated, edited, and learnedly introduced at generous length by Walter Starkie, an eminent authority in the Spanish field.

Three valuable additions to the Oxford University Press's World's Classics are "Letters of John Keats" ($2.25), selected by Frederick Page; "Letters of William Wordsworth" ($1.25), selected by Philip Wayne; and "Selected Letters of Robert Burns" ($1.25), edited by DeLancey Ferguson. Keats's letters are the best ever written by a poet, and it is always a joy to return to them. Wordsworth was no great letter writer, but there is much of biographical and poetical interest in Mr. Wayne's collection. Burns's letters, surprisingly enough, are often marred by literary affectations, fancy writing, coyness, servility, and cant. But they reveal the man for a' that.

Zola's indestructible "Nana" is now a Pocket Book (35¢). Bing Crosby's "Call Me Lucky" (Pocket, 35¢) should win the prize for the aptest title of the century. Dreaming of space travel? Read all about it in Arthur C. Clarke's "The Exploration of Space" (Pocket, 35¢).

—BEN RAY REDMAN.

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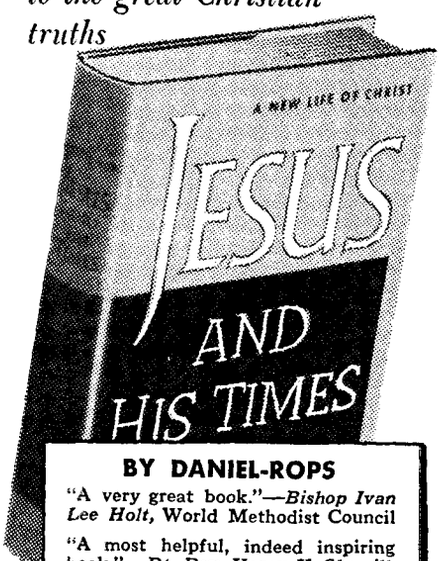

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Just Published

MANY of the books described below, which cannot be reviewed in this issue because of limitations of space, will be given more extended notice in forthcoming numbers.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN. By Carl Sandburg. Harcourt, Brace & Co. $7.50. A one-volume, seven-hundred and some page condensation of Mr. Sandburg's mighty six-volume life of Lincoln. The author has rewritten it himself, using much of the new material on his subject which has poured into light in recent years. The book is not, then, an abridgement in the strict sense that, say, D. C. Somervell's boiling down of Toynbee's "A Study of History" was.

ACCENT ON FORM. By Lancelot Law Whyte. Harper & Bros. $2.75. What the world of today looks like to a British physicist and what it will look like, in scientific terms, anyway, by 1975.

ACQUAINTED WITH THE NIGHT. By Heinrich Boll. Translated by Richard Graves. Henry Holt & Co. $3. Fred and Kate, who have a couple of children and once had twins, which they lost, are too poor to live together. Kate lives with one Frankes; Fred, a switchboard operator, bides his time in a beer mug near a pinball machine. Another child is announced, and they decide, no matter what, that they had better heave to and make a go of it together. A German novel.

THE BRIDGE OVER THE RIVER KWAI. By Pierre Boulle. Translated by Xan Fielding. Vanguard Press. $3. A tale, set in World War II, about a captured British colonel and his five hundred men who build a beautiful bridge for the Japanese. British partisan saboteurs attempt to destroy the bridge, and the British colonel, who is a bit of a stuffhead, appeals to the Japs to protect it—this bridge, this bit of materialized ego.

COLLECTED POEMS. By Wallace Stevens. Alfred A. Knopf. $7.50. The collected works, at long last, of one of the best, if more difficult, poets now writing in the English language. The book is timed as a commemoration of the poet's seventy-fifth birthday.

A DANGEROUS FREEDOM. By Bradford Smith. J. B. Lippincott Co. $3.95. Mr. Smith, who wrote "Bradford of Plymouth" a little while back, feels that what we are really trying to let loose in this country is not big balloons of liberty but the proposition that all men may associate voluntarily—a human situation that he finds tremendously invigorating, and one which he traces since we began building it in the early eighteenth century.

THE EDDIE CHAPMAN STORY. By Frank Owen. Julian Messner. $3.50. Eddie Chapman is an ex-Coldstream guardsman, who as a German spy during the last war became a counterspy for his own country. Embittered after the war was over because of lack of payment and his peculiar position, he got himself into trouble, and is now on the loose and wanted by the law.

FINGERPRINTS NEVER LIE. By Frederick R. Cherrill. The Macmillan Co. $3.95. An autobiography, written in terms of a million or so fingerprints, by the former superintendent of the Fingerprint Bureau of New Scotland Yard, which, incidentally, is turning out to be a home of writers as well as flatfeet.

THE FOSTER BROTHERS. By Edward Frankland. John Day Co. $3.95. An English concoction, mainly about two foster brothers, Gunnar and Arnvid, who come to England to make their fortunes during the reign of Ethelred the Ready.

FROM GUN TO GAVEL. By James Mathers, as told to Marshall Houts. William Morrow & Co. $4. The reminiscences of a former frontier lawyer and judge, who moved out to Oklahoma when lead was still law, and found himself mixed up in such matters as a killing in self-defense, a feud between two friends, the necessity of gulping down a brandy salted with strychnine for a client, and other such practically unbelievable robustities.

GEORGE WASHINGTON: Patriot and President. By Douglas Southall Freeman. Charles Scribner's Sons. $7.50. The sixth, and unfortunately final, volume of the late Mr. Freeman's towering, spidery biography of George Washington. In this volume, which the author lived long enough to put in final revision, he tells of the years immediately following the Revolution when G. W. tried to return to the serenities of Mount Vernon, but was repressed into Government service. It ends six years before Washington's death.

GREAT RIVER: The Rio Grande in North American History. By Paul Horgan. Rinehart & Co. Two vols., $10. A major portrait that takes the Rio Grande as its axis, and describes the four different peoples—Indians, Spaniards, Mexicans, and Americans—who have at one time and another moved across the river. The second volume closes with the final settlement of border disputes between Mexico and the U.S.

HAVE FUN WITH YOUR CHILDREN. By Frances Horwich. Prentice-Hall. $2.95. The theories of Miss Horwich, who is the Miss Frances of and the guiding steam behind TV's "Ding Dong School," on children and how they should be appreciated.

THE HYDROGEN BOMB. By James Shepley and Blair Clay, Jr. David McKay Co. $3. The Bomb—its origins, political implications, and mechanism—as seen by two members of the House of Luce, the first *Time*, the second *Life*.

I LOOKED AND I LISTENED. By Ben Gross. Random House. $3.95. Mr. Gross, who is still very much around, got into radio when the crystal set was the seven-inch screen of its day. Here he records his version of the rise of both radio and TV, which today are a couple of wealthy old Fatbacks.

INDIANS OF THE PLAINS. By Robert Lowie. McGraw-Hill Book Co. $4.75. An anthropological study of the various cultures of the American Indians who once frequented the Plains country. The author is a professor of anthropology at the University of California and a past curator of the American Museum of Natural History.

INDUSTRIAL VOYAGE. By Paul Litchfield. Doubleday & Co. $4.50. The autobiography of the present chairman of the board of the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Co., who got started there in '00 after MIT at the paltry salary of $2,500 a year.

THE LAST HUNT. By Milton Lott. Houghton Mifflin Co. $4. A Western, built of some of the materials that made "The Oxbow Incident" blue ribbon, about two loose guns, Sandy McKenzie and Charley Gilson, who turn buffalo hunters in the last days of the burning West, and who, respectively, symbolize good and evil in their ways.

LIGHT ARMOUR. By Richard Armour. MacGraw-Hill Book Co. $2.75. A collection of verses by Mr. Armour, who always has a merry poem or two in every pocket, which treats mainly of the everyday geegaws of life, and which has been printed in such places as *The New Yorker, The Saturday Evening Post, The Reader's Digest, This Week Magazine*, etc.

MAKE NEW BANNERS. By Susan Valentine Mitchell. Farrar, Straus & Young. $3.75. The life and times of Christopher Columbus, written—brave author—in free verse.

MORNING NOON AND NIGHT. By Lars Lawrence. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.95. Racial difficulties, strikes, courtrooms, tear gas, frenzied mobs, a nervous Senator, and other such exciting activities in the town of Reata, New Mexico. A novel.

MY LIFE WITH THE MICROBES. By Selman A. Waksman. Simon & Schuster. $5. This book, the title of which may sell one or two more copies than a sensible one would, is the autobiography of a distinguished microbiologist, who is a Nobel Prize winner, and one of the leading researchers in the field of antibiotics—a term the author coined.

NORTH TO DANGER. By Virgil Burford. John Day Co., Inc. $3.75. The personal experiences, from Kodiak bears to killer whales, of a former fish pirate and fortune hunter.

OSLO INTRIGUE. By Helen Astrup & B. K. Jacot. McGraw-Hill Book Co. $3.50. An account of the years the author, who is an Englishwoman and the widow of a Norwegian sea captain killed in the early years of the last war, spent as a member of the underground (the Joessings) in Oslo.

PRAISED AND DAMNED: The Story of Fulton Lewis, Jr. By Booton Herndon. Little, Brown & Co. $2. A breathless hug of a biography about the life, public and private, of Fulton Lewis, Jr., the radio commentator, who endorses everything to the right, including the Junior Senator from Wisconsin.

RESCUE BELOW ZERO. By Ian Mackersey. W. W. Norton & Co. $3.50. An account of a rescue of the crew of a British supply plane that was downed on the Greenland icecap.

SATCHMO: My Life in New Orleans. By Louis Armstrong. Prentice-Hall. $3.50. Volume One of the Collected Works of Louis "Satchmo" (for "Satchelmouth") Armstrong, whose bones are pure jazz and whose teeth outdo the moon. Here Louis, who is one of the great semanticists of the age, tells of the early times in New Orleans, of his days as a waif and orphan, and of how, in his early twenties, King Joe Oliver sent word from Chicago that Louis had better come North and join his band.

SCARSDALE. By Harry Hansen. Harper & Bros. $5. A history, of all things, of the New York suburb of Scarsdale, which was founded around 1701 by one Caleb Heathcote and is now a thriving, manicured community of over 13,000 souls.

SELECTED POEMS. By Mark Van Doren. Henry Holt & Co. Limited edition, $10. Regular edition, $5. A wide sampling from the many volumes of verse which Mr. Van Doren has brought out in the past thirty years, and which includes the long narrative poem "A Winter Diary," as well as the sonnet series done in the mid-Thirties.

SEVEN DAYS TO LOMALAND. By Esther S. Warner. Houghton Mifflin Co. $3.50. A setting-down of a seven-day trek Mrs. Warner made to Lomaland in Liberia. She is the author of "New Song in a Strange Land," which was also about Liberia, and which was published in 1948.

THE SOLITARY BLACKBIRD. By E. Clephan-Palmer. Vanguard Press. $1.75. A memoir about a dear blackbird who is rescued from death by cat by the author and lives for the next few months as his devoted housebird and friend. Clarence, though, unfortunately, meets his end not long after.

SOUTH STREET. By William Gardner Smith. Farrar, Straus & Young. $3.50. A novel about whites and Negroes that is set on Philadelphia's South Street.

SPIES FOR THE BLUE AND GRAY. By Harnett T. Kane. Hanover House. $3.75. A history, somewhat spooked up for easy reading, of the various spies—Union and Confederate—that hustled north and south during the Civil War. Included are accounts of such big-ears as Tim Webster, the Moon sisters, Lafe Baker, etc.

TO HIDDEN DEPTHS. By Philippe Tailliez. E. P. Dutton & Co. $5. Mendes-France or no Mendes-France, the French have the sea-bottom securely in pocket. Here is another revelation, by the head of that country's Undersea Research Group, which reviews some of the earlier materials put forth by Cousteau and Diolé, and adds information about Picard, diving in the Indo-Chinese seas, and a deep blue descent into the Fountain of Vaucluse.

TO WAKE IN THE MORNING. By Hilda Sidney Krech. The Macmillan Co. $3.50. The narrative in this lightsome tapestry involves a gentle heart named Josie Colcord who goes to college and then to Washington as a war worker, where she becomes engaged, and disengaged to wait for Mr. Right, who, in good time, comes home from the wars. A first novel.

VENUS RISING. By Charles Grayson. Henry Holt & Co. $3.50. Written for barrel-chested men with thick expense accounts, this is the tale of a Midwestern girl named Venus, who would like to be a star in Hollywood, but is frigid. Also involved is a psychiatrist, who cannot de-ice Venus, and who has a sweetie of his own, who would like, too, to be a Hollywood star.

VISION SPLENDID. By Tom Ronan. The Macmillan Co. $3.75. This novel, which recently won £1,000 in Australia's Commonwealth Jubilee Literary Competition, is about an average man, an Englander, who goes to the Land Below.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT.

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A Southerner Looks at the Supreme Court

Continued from page 10

stance, is totally unlike the ignorant poor man who relates in economic rivalry; and neighboring farmers maintain still a third relationship. For the Negro and the white are not static forces in an unchanging society.

Since the destruction of its original society in 1865 the South has undergone a continuous struggle of adaptation to an order which was not only foreign to its nature but contrary to its conscious design. This struggle to adapt was made in terms of primal survival, against the bitterest poverty and against outside exploitation and discrimination. The three generations which bore the brunt of the struggle suffered constant upheavals in their social order and structural dislocations totally unrelated to the Negro. The Negro was caught up along with the white and the compassionate white might say, as did Lincoln, "You suffer because of us and we suffer because of you."

Yet, from the outside the South seems viewed as an abstraction, an exotic deviation in the past and a backward appendage in the present, steadfast in a bigotry which opposes the national crusade for human liberty. This view attributes a sustained moral purpose and rational progression to the events during which the South was acted upon by the abolitionists, the Civil War, and this last battle in the Supreme Court. This noble concept is somewhat remote from the facts.

THE whole distortion began with the legal existence of the slave-trade, for which New Englanders imported Negroes from Africa and sold them as chattels in the Southern states. From the beginning New Englanders made the profits from slavery and the South got the Negro. Chattel slavery provided a form of mass-labor as a practical method for the large-scale production of one money-crop (usually cotton or tobacco) by which plantations made agriculture a Big Business, and planters rivaled industrial tycoons in power and privilege. But the great planters were less than 1 per cent of the Southern population, and less than 10 per cent of the Southern population (including Negro slaveholders) owned any slaves at all. Many of these manumitted their own slaves at a personal sacrifice, creating by the early nineteenth century a class of freed Negroes. Non-slaveholders, in opposition to the "peculiar institution," migrated steadily out of the region, and Southern slaveholders and non-slaveholders (not Northern abolitionists) created the first emancipationist movements.

The difference between the native emancipationist and the Northern abolitionist symbolized the historic difference over the Negro between the sections. To the abolitionist it was enough to say, "Let my people go." He assumed no responsibility for the freed Negro or his adjustment in a white society. The native had to ask, "Go where?" Not only was there no place for a freed slave in an agricultural society, but the Southerner from the first was forced to consider an American society of mixed races. Even Lincoln believed deportation to Africa was the solution for emancipated slaves. Contrary to the idealists who advocated a march toward equality of the races. Take his own words: ". . . and I will say in addition to this that there is a physical difference between the white and black races which I believe will forever forbid the races living together on terms of social and political equality."

He was not elected on a platform to free the slaves, but to contain slavery within the South. On abolition he said, "I think no wise man has yet perceived how it (slavery) could be at once eradicated without producing even a greater evil to the cause of human liberty itself." Then, stating that he believed he had no right to interfere with slavery where it existed, Lincoln wrote the Emancipation Proclamation as a war measure with full knowledge of the dislocations he was bringing on the South. He made it abundantly clear (as in his letter to Greeley) that his Proclamation against the rebellious states was an expedient for preserving the Union. He wrote that if he could preserve the Union without this measure *against* the Rebels (not *for* the Negro) he would do it.

Thus, the violent abolition of the slave in 1862 was not an organic extension of the abolitionist movement and was connected in no way with any crusade toward equality. As slavery was still permitted in loyal sections (even in the South), emancipation was obviously a war measure, and Lincoln undoubtedly expected to remedy, when the war was over, the inevitable dislocations it caused. But after his death the bars of the zoo were let down in Washington. The spoilsmen and cranks who took over, in cynical exploitation and for bright vindictiveness, in effect set the Negro against the de-

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*Trade Mark, Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

feated and impoverished white during the twelve years of military occupation called "Reconstruction." Behind the bayonets of the occupying army the desolated region was invaded by financial and political adventurers who came to batten off the defeated people, and by "missionaries" who came to elevate the Negro, not to equality of citizenship, but to positions of supremacy. The first acts of outsiders regarding the Negroes in the South overlooked the actual condition of the Negroes (then recently-freed slaves) and experimented with their advancement at the calculated expense of the white society. For instance, the missionaries founded the first free and unmixed schools, definitely segregated and limited to the Negro. Under these circumstances the Negro began his life of freedom in a bitter struggle for survival between the races, in a time of strife and disorder, in the wreckage of a society. Emotions were raw and violence close to the surface; white and colored alike picked through the physical ruins for sustenance, and no waking hours were free of distrust, fomented antagonisms, and smoldering hatreds. Yet, during this period of turmoil the rulers defined no ultimate purpose or future goal for the freed Negro in a white society.

IN THE Civil Rights Act, which was written in 1867 into the Constitution as the now-famous Fourteenth Amendment, the Iowan who sponsored the bill specifically disassociated the measure from mixed schools. In defining the terms Mr. Wilson said, "Do they mean that in all things civil, social, political, all citizens, without distinction of race or color, shall be equal? By no means can they be so construed . . . nor do they mean that . . . their children shall attend the same schools. These are not civil rights or immunities." When the Civil Rights Act was incorporated into the Fourteenth Amendment during Reconstruction adoption of the amendment was mandatory in the Southern states before their Representatives could be seated in Washington. Even though the majority of Representatives who wanted to be seated were Negroes, out-of-staters, and Unionist natives, not one state adopted any measures to establish amalgamated schools. Anti-Confederate legislators ruled that "white and colored persons shall not be taught in the same schools, but in separate schools." Manifestly, the enemies of the traditional South who wrote these measures into the state constitutions did not believe in social equality, and this was true of the majority of states in the Union. Thus, the expressed will of non-Southern white people, on winning the Civil War, was not to establish equality for the Negro but to establish two parallel societies. The two parallel societies within the South were begun by outside legislation, while the South was under outside domination and financial exploitation, and both races were left to adjust themselves as best they might.

The present South is not an extension of the South that ended at Appomattox. That old South was created by itself, on its own ideals. The South that arose from the debris of invading armies and the longest military occupation in modern history was created partly from without, partly in reaction to the outside, largely in reaction to the conditions forced upon it, and always in a succession of makeshifts, of short-range measures for immediate self-preservation. Dispossessed farmers fended off hunger by offering themselves as pools of cheap labor for Northern industry which took the profits out of the South; former planters and former slaves combined in desperation to evolve the tenant-farmer system, with its attendant evils. Dispossessed Bourbons of the former ruling class fought for political power with the new farmers; and the Negro, after he was abandoned by the exploiters and the do-gooders, became the political issue which created "white supremacy" as an expedient and the "demagogue" as a result.

While the two parallel societies grew out of this amalgam of forces, it would be hypocritical to deny that the white man came first—as he did nationally during the Depression. In the long Depression which was Southern history from 1865 to World War II certainly the "Negro Problem" was less pressing to the Southern whites than it was to their distant detractors. The Negro was merely one of his multiple and at times insoluble problems, though the Negro exacerbated all else. During the period from 1865 to World War II great changes occurred which, not visible from year to year, or even decade to decade, are tremendous when viewed across the entire span. While vestiges of plantation-agriculture remained along with the acute poverty of the small dirt farm, modern agricultural methods had been introduced; local businesses and even industries spread money through the region and, while much of the industry was still predominantly owned by Northern capital, higher wages raised the total Southern standard of living. Politically men emerged who could lead without appeal to regional passions and prejudice, and voters brought themselves to trust the party which, founded originally on an anti-South-

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ern platform, had legislated their disfranchisement and directed their post-bellum debasement. Individual Southerners were accepted among the liberals and gave evidence that enlightenment had not died in the South with Jefferson. With the recession of poverty, ignorance also receded. As the older generations died off and the terrible memories grew dim, younger people grew in compassion and understanding for the Negro within their midst. Advances in humanity toward the Negro in some sections of the South have been such as to make the present conditions incomprehensible to aged grandparents. There is a most encouraging development among Negro leaders themselves—in education, law, medicine, business—and in certain areas they participated in local government.

But, unregenerately committed to a white society, the most idealistic Southerners know no more what to do than did their native emancipationist ancestors 100 years ago. Even the most forward-looking can see no clear, shining goals in realistic terms, and—God knows—no purpose has been clarified for them by today's distant and vocal humanitarians. In this present complex society, from the most humane to the most bigoted, the reaction to the Court's decision was unanimous in that it was regarded as another problem forced on the region from the outside. The average Southerner did not even bother to discuss the validity of the Court's opinion that "segregation is a denial of equal protection of the law." The Court did not stultify itself by claiming that its ruling fulfilled any logical, legal progression toward racial equality. Its decision made very clear that the Court was changing the existing laws to meet today's standards, and negating the Constitutional Amendment of 1867 on the grounds that the American Constitution is subject to reinterpretation by the Supreme Court.

With this repudiation of the document supposed to guarantee their protection, white Southerners accepted this legislation by the judiciary as something else dumped in their laps.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám (FitzGerald). 2. Numbers xxii, 23. 3. "David Copperfield" (Dickens). 4. "Winnie-the-Pooh" (Milne). 5. "Don Quixote" (Cervantes). 6. "A Midsummer Night's Dream" (Shakespeare). 7. "Fables" (Aesop). 8. "The Faerie Queene" (Spenser). 9. "Travels with a Donkey" (Stevenson). 10. "The Encantadas" (Melville).

as was the freed Negro, for them to deal with in their own way. The fact that their own way constitutes evasion of a national law marks a most significant change for the South. When the Southern states seceded in 1861 it was because they believed their interests would be discriminated against by the Administration coming into power. They believed the Constitution had ceased to afford them protection. Believing the same thing again, since secession was proven to be impractical, the people are as equally determined to see to their own protection now as they were in 1861. Only today, having lived in closer proximity to other Americans, they have become more guileful.

Even so, things did not remain quiet in the South after the initial reaction to the decision. Citizens erupted into unprecedented letter-writing to newspapers, though the expected vehemence was unexpectedly matched by reasonable attitudes of pros and cons. In private conversations, which were dominated by the subject, there were surprisingly few expressions of bigotry; and an understanding, compassionate attitude toward the Negro's position revealed a deep change in the educated Southerner. Many expressed gratification that, legally, "second-class citizenship" was removed from the Negro and that he would receive an affirmation in his long struggle for mortal dignity.

However, the burden of all conversations concerned the machinery of evading a law which the people felt was passed without consideration for the living details. Not since the last occupation troops left the South in 1877 has sectional consciousness been so aroused. When the Southern Governors met their opinions ranged as widely as those of private citizens, but there was the same unanimity on the basic course to pursue, regardless of the methods of detail.

THIS October, when the Court hears the proposals of methods of effectuating its decision, the Southerners—whether or not they state it explicitly—will be talking of means of sustaining the parallel societies which are threatened by the decision applying specifically to schools. As of now the plans of evasion are as diverse as were the means of evading the Eighteenth Amendment—conditioned by financial circumstances, neighborhoods, and other practical considerations remote from the arena of the decision. Families in "protected" suburbs or with children in private schools are as unconcerned as were teetotalers. Families in borderline areas have besieged realtors for new houses elsewhere, and the few pri-

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vate day-schools have been forced to take their phones off the hook. These evasions concern people of more or less relative privilege.

For less privileged people in borderline areas there will be a gradual moving out and those areas will become, as in the North, black belts. Negroes now in borderline areas (without any actual polling) seem to prefer the eventuality of a totally colored section. The Negroes in these totally black sections will continue to attend all-colored schools since, as neighborhood schools, they will draw only colored children. For areas which cannot resolve themselves readily into white and black gerrymandering will be done in school districts.

But, with whatever measures, there will be many small communities of only two schools where none of these expedients will apply. This situation will apply also to high schools which draw on an entire city. In all of these cases the first actual detail to resolve is with the teachers. In the South, in the two-school system, Negroes teach Negroes, with the result that the state of Virginia alone has more colored teachers than all the non-segregated states together. Who is to teach the mixed school? Is a Negro teacher fitted to prepare a white student for his "normal environment," or a white teacher fitted to prepare a Negro for his? As of today the Negro, through no fault of his own, is less well prepared at home for the advantages of school education. Is the Southern white child, then, to be retarded in his own school education by the inclusion of less well-prepared students?

Finally, if teachers can agree to prepare students for an amalgamated society, the effect would be to create a hybrid environment which would belong neither to the colored nor to the white in the whole country. Neither the Court nor the praisers of its decision have stated that this is the objective—the purpose of the abolition of segregation in schools.

When a mixed race is the expressed goal of America, when the other sections show their eagerness to form such a society, then the Southerner will stand convicted of thwarting the will of the majority. In the present circumstance only the Southerner is affected locally by the Federal judicial ruling, and he does not believe that the majority has any sincere interest in his living problems.

Because of this ingrained Southern belief in the irresponsibility of outside legislation, there have been the extreme stands which, at least, threaten to abolish compulsory education. Legal-minded Southerners point out that, regardless of the abrogation of their state constitutions, no Federal law can force a state to spend money in any specific way.

There is an illustrative situation just outside of Richmond. In a fashionable new suburb of highly privileged people there is a small community of colored people who subsist largely as houseservants for the neighborhood. There is no possibility that the county school of this district, preparing students for Princeton and Vassar, will open its doors to mixed classes.

It is the gradation, the variation of necessary adjustments, which makes the execution of the Court's decision in the South anything except an abstraction on the road to equality. The human conditioning of environments being what it is, and individual circumstances varying as they do, it would look at this moment as if the historic decision might create historic chaos—unless, in October, when the Court listens to representatives of the locally affected scenes it truly considers the real problems of the Southern society in which the Negro lives. Otherwise there will be a definite roadblock in the Negro's sorrowful journey toward his mortal dignity and full citizenship.

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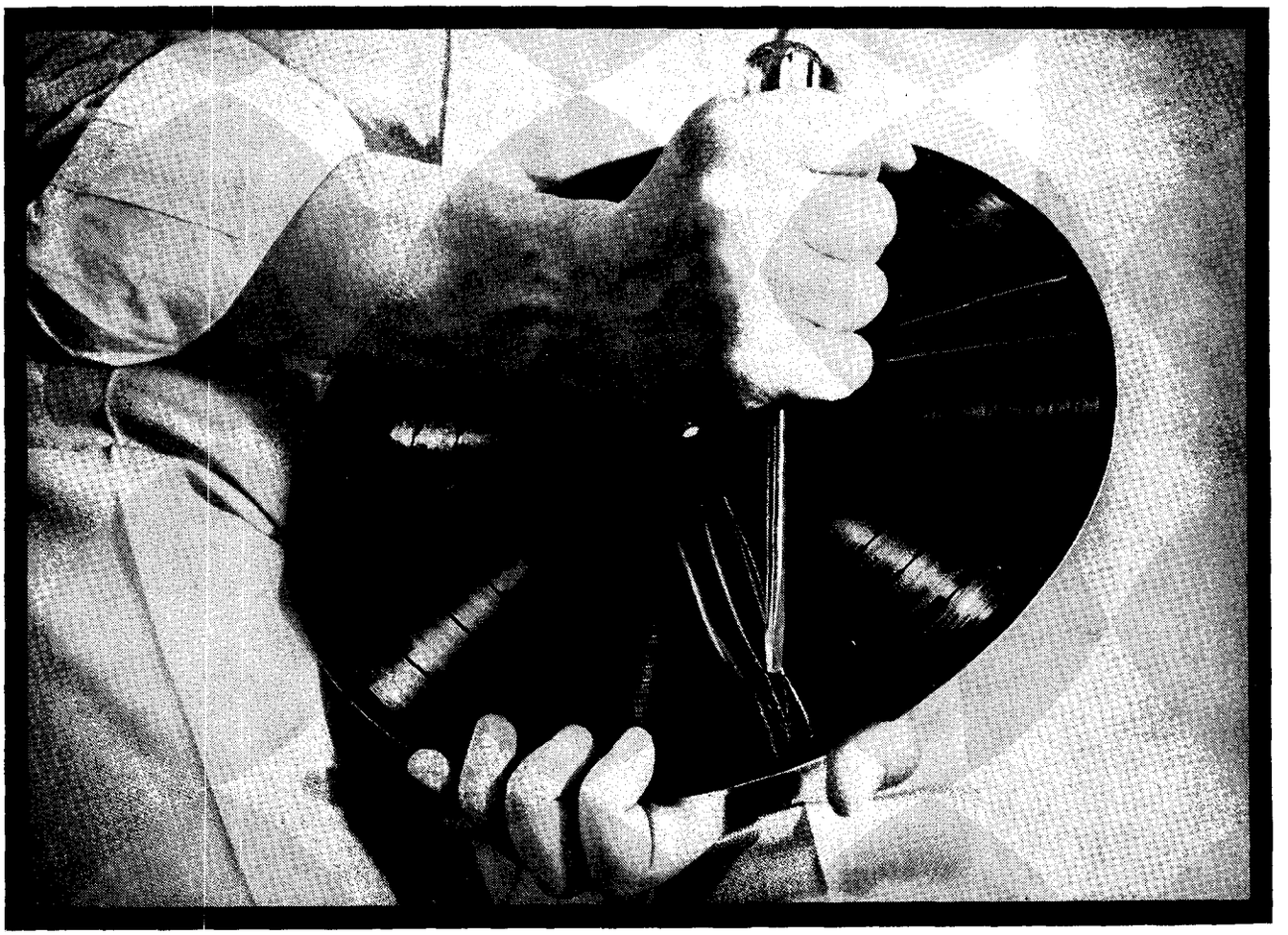

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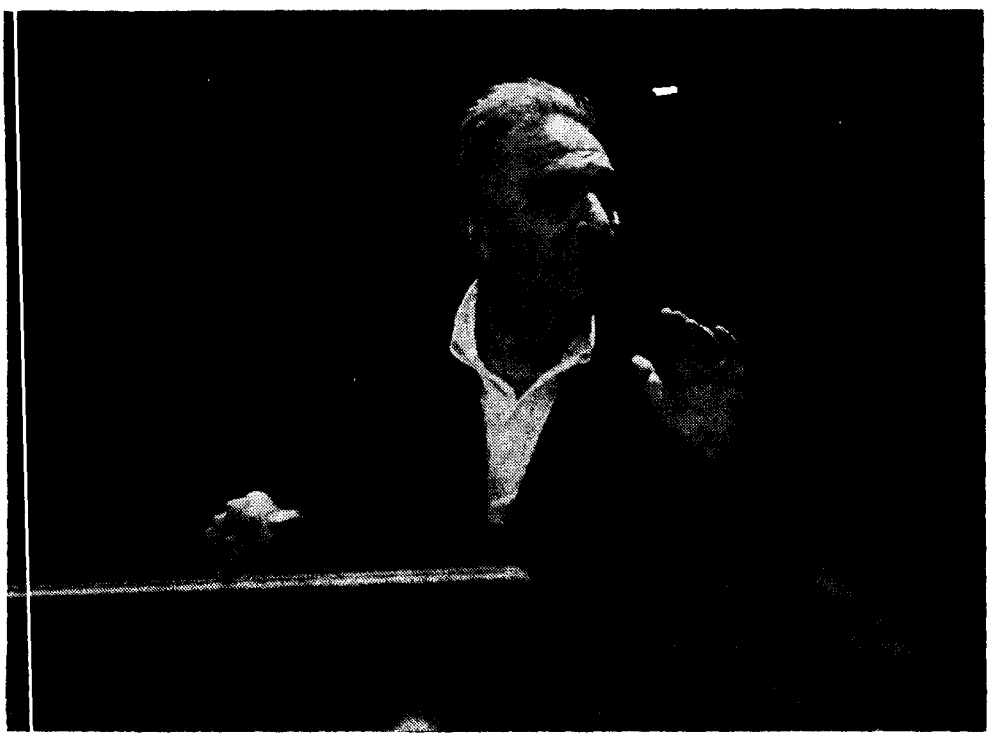
SR AUDIO FAIR SECTION

CONTENTS

THE BRAHMS OF BRUNO WALTER
By Edward Cushing 41
SOME HIGHS AND LOWS
By R. D. Darrell 46
HITS AND MISSES
By Wilder Hobson 48
HI-FI WITHOUT MUSIC
By Irving Kolodin 50
FIFTY HI-FI FAVORITES 54
IS YOUR HI-FI LOW?
By William Lynch Vallée 56
AUDIO BOOKSHELF 57
AUDIO FAIR FORECAST 58

THE BRAHMS OF BRUNO WALTER

By EDWARD CUSHING



". . . a man of feeling."

COLUMBIA'S new Brahms album (ML-4927), comprising the four symphonies, the "Academic Festival" and "Tragic" overtures, the Haydn variations, and a handful of Hungarian dances, provides on the whole a very good summation of Bruno Walter's qualities as a conductor. The recording is quite satisfactory (the E minor symphony is, I suspect, a reissue of ML-4472), if not up to the very latest and highest hi-fi standard, the graph of which, as I have plotted it, reminds me of an old World War I song: "Going up, going up, like a rocket gone insane." It reproduces the characteristic sound of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony playing under the direction of a respected but not demonic conductor—a sound which, like the taste of some excellent but not superlative wines, is characterful but rather heavy and rough. The Philharmonic-Symphony has had a somewhat similar sound off and on records for a good many years and under a good many different conductors, including Toscanini, each of whom has modified it in his own particular way without ever succeeding in imparting to it an ultimate polish. Columbia's engineers are to be congratulated on rendering it here with so much verisimilitude, even if they failed to produce recordings which, like a few current RCA's, are naturals for demonstration-booth purposes at the audio fair.

This particular Columbia collection of four twelve-inch discs is represented as a somewhat belated tribute to Bruno Walter on his seventy-eighth birthday, which occurred nearly a month ago, and listening to it I have been trying to put my finger on those qualities which distinguish Walter from his peers. It seems to me that this is above all else affectionate music-making. Generalizing largely and rather hastily, I should say that Toscanini marshals notes before us like a drillmaster, making them exe-

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cute intricate formations with almost incredible precision and high style; that Furtwängler adds, subtracts, multiplies, and divides them for us on a blackboard ("Euclid alone has looked on beauty bare"), and that Beecham holds them up before us like a connoisseur exhibiting objects in a prized collection. But Walter confides them to us with an infinitely tender solicitude. He *loves* music, and he presents it as a parent an idolized child: "See," he says, "how beautiful she is!"

In other words, where Toscanini is a man of will, Furtwängler a man of intellect, and Beecham a man of taste, Walter is a man of feeling. This is the source of both his strength and his weakness—of his ability in performances of works for which his feeling is surest to achieve a natural and affecting intimacy of expression, to take us deeper into the music, closer to its secret living center, than almost any other conductor. And likewise it accounts for his occasional failures—for the sometimes unfinished and rather uncertain character of his performances of works in which intellectual interest either predominates over or is in perfect balance with expressivity. There is some evidence that Walter knows where his strength lies. People have often complained that Toscanini's repertory was a limited one, that year after year he played the same relatively few works over and over again. And so he did. But the works he played certainly exhibited a wide range of impulses and styles. We heard in the concert hall and we can hear on records performances by Toscanini of music by Gluck, Haydn, Mozart, Cherubini, Beethoven, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Brahms, Dvorak, Tchaikovsky, Moussorgsky, Verdi, Puccini, Sibelius, Debussy, Ravel, Strauss, Stravinsky, even Gershwin and Grofé and Sousa. Walter has imposed much narrower limitations on himself. He has seldom programmed and with only three exceptions known to me has never recorded French or Italian or modern works. (The recorded exceptions are a Corelli concerto, Berlioz's "Fantastique"—a wonderful performance, by the way—and a symphony by Samuel Barber.) His congenial range is from Haydn and Mozart to Mahler and Strauss and he has seldom strayed far afield. He is the product and exponent of the musical culture of a particular time and place—the nineteenth century and Central Europe.

I gather from Walter's autobiography, published a number of years ago, that he thinks of himself as a man of mind as well as heart, but it is apparent, to me at any rate, that he is by temperament and training the romantic who feels first and thinks afterwards, and that his thinking is clouded by subjectivity. This makes for an easy and intimate identification with certain kinds of music—for example, the music of Schubert, of Bruckner, of Mahler. Music more consciously and exactly formulated, music in which intellectual control and coordination play a larger part, yields to him less readily. With Haydn, a perfect extrovert, he has small involvement—he plays him with vigor and humor and the results are charming. But I have never been quite happy about Walter's Mozart. Almost more than any other composer, it seems to me, Mozart should be allowed to speak for himself, with no underlining of his meaning, of his points, no editor's italics in the editions of his works offered to our ears. This at least is modern taste, and there seems to be good reason for it. But Walter's Mozart, enormously admired though it has been and is, is late nineteenth-century Mozart-overphrased, to my way of thinking, overrich in expressive inflexion. There is an important romantic element in Mozart's music, the element that as a matter of fact distinguishes it from and elevates it above all other music of its period (for Haydn was quite as expert and ingenious a craftsman), but it seems to me that this can be emphasized, as Walter emphasizes it, only at the expense of elements no less important, no less essential to a conveyance of Mozart's essence.

WALTER has his difficulties with Beethoven too, for in Beethoven as in Mozart romantic impulses are subjected to classic disciplines that Walter cannot or will not always emulate. On the other hand, Beethoven's passion, his increasing subjectivity are matters with which Walter can instinctively come to grips. Toscanini has conducted performances of movements from late Beethoven quartets, arranged for string orchestra, which I should rather have heard from Walter: Beethoven tended increasingly to a kind of "stream-of-consciousness" form of expression, and Walter is essentially a stream-of-consciousness man. The more evolutionary the form, the happier he is with it. In Haydn's and Mozart's and still in Beethoven's music what is said is usually modified by the way in which it must be said. But from Beethoven on the process is reversed. Increasingly content modifies structure. a process as natural and congenial to Walter as it was to Wagner and Mahler and Strauss. The larger, freer forms of the Wagnerian music-drama, the Strauss tone-poem, the Bruckner and Mahler symphony, which evolve from "feeling" correspond to his own experience of the interplay of experience and sensibility.

The finest Walter performances on records are those of Mahler's "Lied von der Erde" and Fourth, Fifth, and Ninth symphonies. I have never heard and I do not expect to hear any better or as good. Nothing else in the recorded Walter repertory is quite on this exalted level, though I would not myself exchange his performances of the slow movement of Beethoven's Ninth, or of the violin concerto with Szigeti (particularly the now withdrawn first version of this memorable collaboration), or of the "Pastoral," or of Act One of "Die Walküre," for any other. The new Brahms recordings are, I should say, very nearly in the same class. They are in competition with the recently released RCA Victor set of Brahms symphonies conducted by Toscanini, but for all the glamour of Toscanini's name and of RCA's almost mirrorlike "new orthophonic" sound (which Columbia so far has not quite managed to match) they are entitled to preference. For reasons implied in the foregoing, Walter has a closer affinity for Brahms than has Toscanini. Brahms too was a man of feeling, a romantic, a sentimentalist, whose difficulties and occasional failures resulted from the affectation of an unnatural gravity and grandeur. He aspired to Olympus and he made it—but by an earthbound, laborious, and sometimes embarrassing ascent. He was praised, while he lived, for a facility he did not have in the manipulation of classical structural and organizational procedures, and he has been as unreasonably damned ever since (but by a negligible faction) for his lack of it.

Walter shares Brahms's weakness—a lack of natural organizational ability; but he also shares his strength—a perceptive and responsive heart and mind, an awareness of the grandeurs and miseries of existence and an ability to convey this with effective intensity. In these recordings the finest pages of the four symphonies—the introductions to the first and fourth movements of the C minor; the first movement of the D major; the first and fourth movements of the F major; the whole of the wonderful E minor—are splendidly realized. Where Brahms is uncertain and awkward—in the main body of the first movement of the C minor, in the Adagio of the D major, for example—Walter is uncertain and awkward too. Writing of Toscanini's Brahms [*SR* Mar. 27], Neville Cardus (who supplies intelligent notes for the Walter album) said in effect that these performances made virtues of defects and defects of virtues. Walter's performances match virtue to virtue and defect to defect. Elisabeth von Herzogenberg would recognize and applaud the result, and so, I imagine, would Brahms.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

The Old Vic "Dream" in a New-World Setting

TAKEN individually, William Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Deam" of 1595-96 and the incidental but far from inconsequential music Felix Mendelssohn wrote for it in 1842 are two of the choicest expressions in the annals of the separate arts. Taken together, as they currently may be in the production by the Old Vic Company of London which S. Hurok is showing at the Met (soon to be followed by a coast to coast tour), they engage more senses than one would seem to have.

As these involve areas where Mendelssohn made an indivisible thing of music and the Shakespearean text it strikes me that Michael Benthall's direction, the choreography of Robert Helpmann (who also performs as Oberon), and the additional danced contributions of Frederick Ashton are consistently tasteful, atmospheric, and in a real sense distinguished—distinguished by a sense of appropriateness and suitability which might have gone wrong at many points but which didn't.

Scrutiny of an informative treatise in the "Dream" program book by Reginald P. Mander, archivist of the Vic-Wells Association, reveals there are two distinct "Dreams"—the intimate sort, in which Shakespeare's text is interspersed with folksongs and rigorously relevant archaic matter, and the gala kind, in which Mendelssohn's fancy gives additional soaring power to the poet's. This is decidedly of the latter sort, adding the witchery of ballet—the source from which Helpmann and his fair Titania, Moira Shearer, derived their fame—to the other, established elements. The fact that the opening night audience was heard to say, "Too bad there wasn't more ballet" is an indication of the transformation producer S. Hurok has worked in the common thinking. It is, indeed, akin to a child asking for a second helping of spinach. Ashton's interpretation of the famous nocturne as a lyrical *pas de deux* for Helpmann and Shearer, the elaboration of the "Wedding March" into a balletic spectacle, and the magical realization of the ending *tableaux* spoke for themselves—provided you could understand the language. For those drama critics who rendered adverse judgments it was apparent that they just weren't tuned in.

Here, of course, is the essence of this production of the "Dream." Benthall's company is divided into three elements: straight actors who play the principal speaking roles with a good deal of authority, though (I gather from those who sat further back and to the sides than I did) with less than ideal intelligibilty; a dancing-choral ensemble which also embraces the voices required by Mendelssohn; and the nuclear Helpmann and Shearer, who are in more or less equal parts dancers and spoken performers. Helpmann, by disposition and practice, has attained a more even balance of attributes. His is a guileful Oberon, well-spoken and admirable in movement. Miss Shearer's tall, titian Titania is not of maximum vocal appeal. Show me, however, one speaking twice as well who could move half as well and I will grant an argument.

The substantial fact is that the "Dream" is a fantasy, and those who aren't susceptible to it in terms of Mendelssohn's music are just not susceptible to this conception of it. Musically the usage of the "Wedding March" (fragmentarily) as a curtain-raiser seemed in dubious taste, till it was realized that the scheme of production treated the first episode at the Athenian court and the second with the workman as a kind of prologue, thus setting the two coordinate plots in motion. Putting the overture thereafter provided a perfect bridge to the enchanted "Wood Near Athens," and assured a reasonably audible playing of that wonderful work without the intrusion of latecomers.

THE striking beauties of this endeavor, its atmosphere, poetry, and humor, seem to me composed in equal parts of an affection for the graces of sight and sound, movement and music. This is a production done with love and understanding and enthusiasm, in which the various elements identified with the postwar British theatre have an equitable part.

As anyone acquainted with the Metropolitan knows, it is hardly an ideal platform for the spoken word, especially when the action carries the performers to remote areas of the ample stage. I cannot speak for those who could not hear; but at my place the sound was as expressive as the action.

No valuation of this undertaking would be complete without a tribute to the varied Bottom of Stanley Holloway. His is a musical voice from the outset, full of nuance and inflection, range and intonation. Endowed with outsized head, as the braying ass decked with flowers by the bewitched Titania, he attained some flights of verbal discourse hitherto reserved in musical connection—to Sir Thomas Beecham.

For those who may be wondering, Hugo Rignold, late of the Liverpool Philharmonic, directed the good-sized orchestra with discrimination and taste, a soft hand on the strings and warming one on the brass. Taken together with the opulent settings of the Ironsides, this was a "Dream" to make one happy to be ear- as well as eye-conscious.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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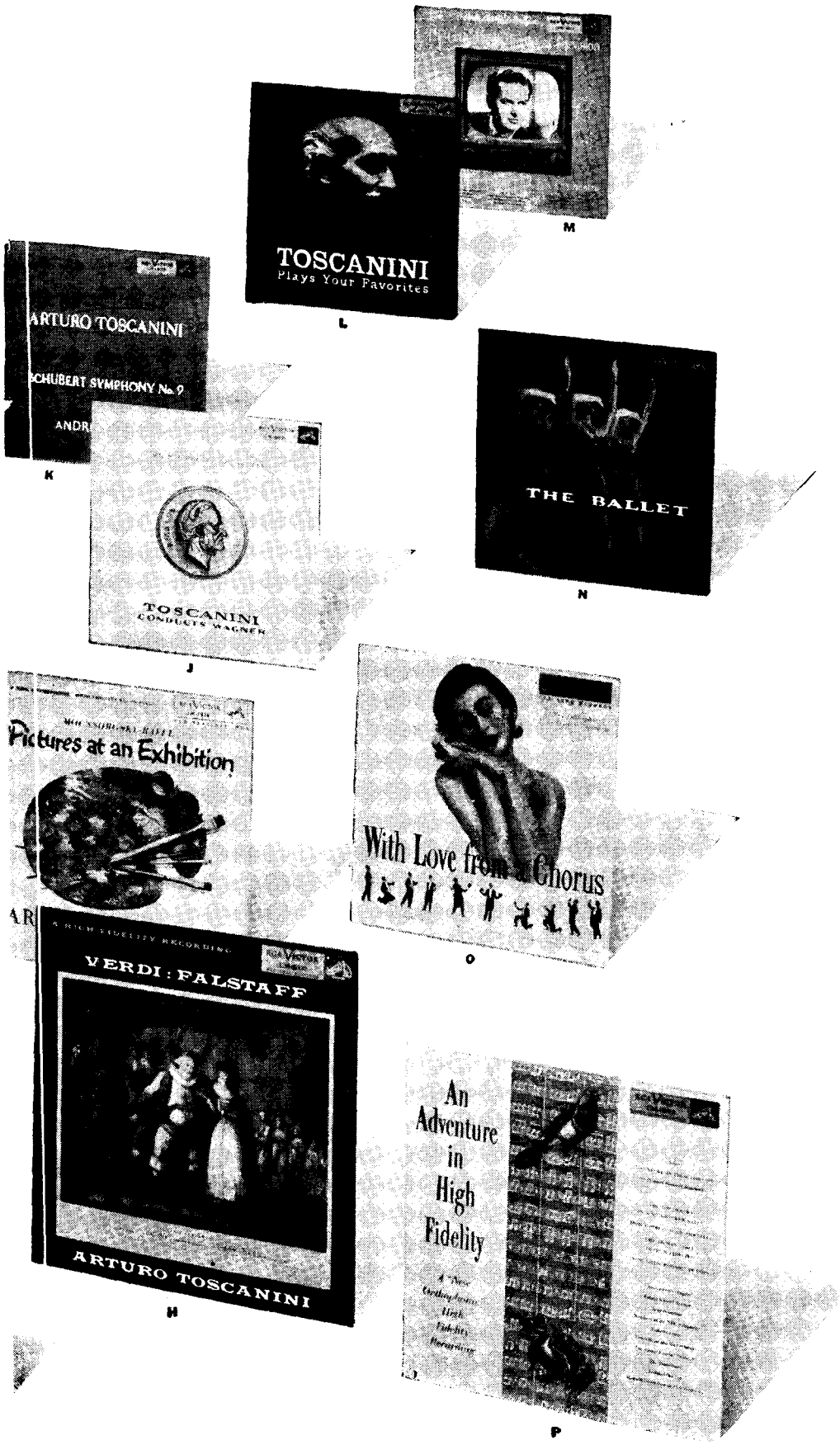
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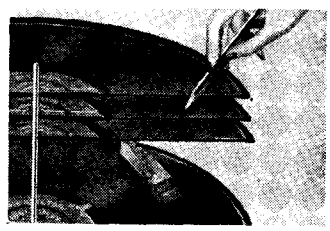

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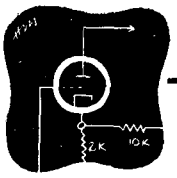

SOME HIGHS AND LOWS

Music on a Wire or in the Round

WHATEVER else one may say of magnetic-recording devotees, no one can safely hint that their veins don't course with hot blood or that they lack courage to turn with a vengeance on any real or fancied attacker! At various rash moments in these columns I've pricked some of the more outrageous foibles of audiomania, but few discophiles or hi-fi fans ever have revealed such tender skins, explosive blood-pressures, or vigorous responses to challenge as their younger colleagues—the self-styled tape-worms.

Of the many letterary rebuttals to my "admittedly biased" report on pre-recorded tapes [*SR* July 31], at least three rank as valuable contributions to HIGHS AND LOWS's own Department of Amplification, Correction, and Abuse. One, from the public-relations agent of a leading tape manufacturer, is especially relished in that it provides quasi-official confirmation of my primary assertion that pre-recorded tape purchasers will be drawn mainly from outside rather than within the present disc-buying public. The typescript sent me of an interview with Paul W. Jansen, sales manager of the Magnetic Products Division of the Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing Company (makers of the popular "Scotch" brand), deals with the whole subject of "music on tape" more objectively, extensively, and intelligently than any other similar report I have ever seen.

Mr. Jansen sees the main markets for p-r tapes among home-recorder owners and industrial operators of "functional" background-music systems such as the Muzak and similar companies (a vast field which I had overlooked). He recognizes and expands on the disadvantages, which I had briefly enumerated, of tape as a medium for serious home-listening only, and he even stresses one I had passed over—the same troublesome lack of standardization in recording characteristics which up to recently plagued discs.

At the same time Mr. Jansen ably documents a prophecy that most of these disadvantages will be overcome in time, particularly with the improved design and distribution of high-quality tape-playback-only mechanisms for use, interchangeably with FM/AM tuners and disc-players, in present hi-fi amplifier and speaker systems.

Apparently I was on sound enough ground when I discussed *commercial* p-r tapes, but my mischievously gratuitous comment on the home-recording fans who "swap 'sound-letters' closely akin to the gab-fests of adolescent radio 'hams'" left me wide open to reminders that even this hobby has its more serious practitioners. Mrs. Harry Matthews, wife of the World Tape Pals' secretary, provided the gentlest yet most persuasive of these, impressively documenting the fact that the exchange of tapes can be conducted on an international scope and a notably mature level. I hasten to agree that the cruder exhibitionism of some juvenile tape-worms is by no means representative, and although I still fear that even the best of them are lamentably unconcerned with *musical* experience, I am glad to commend any *SR* readers interested in international paldom to the World Tape Pals, P. O. Box 9211, Dallas, Texas. Incidentally, the activities of this and other tape-clubs are regularly chronicled, along with multitudinous other tape-worm activities, in the bimonthly issues of the lively if brash *Tape Recording* magazine, Severna Park, Maryland.

Rounding out the responses from a tape manufacturer and a tape-for-world-friendship evangelist, Mr. John C. Bird, of Spring Lake, New Jersey, is an eloquent spokesman for the mature audio connoisseur who makes the best of complementary rather than warring media. Again there is no quarrel with my stand on commercial p-r tapes (although he rightly minimizes the handicaps in tape-playing and storage where serious rather than casual users are concerned), but he makes out a strong case for augmenting a catholic disc library with carefully home-recorded types. Since I assumed a temporary rôle as devil's advocate for the cause of discs in direct opposition to that of tapes only because I feared that the exaggerated claims of a few over-enthusiastic tape-worms would lead to public confusion and misconceptions, I'm of course in fundamental agreement with Mr. Bird that there need be no real conflict between them.

Nevertheless, I still have some demurrers. In deservedly praising tape's resistance to wear, I doubt that Mr. Bird strengthens his case by arguing that discs are necessarily more susceptible. In careless practice, they are indeed, but as I've stressed before in these columns, disc and stylus wear can be rendered negligible by use of a properly adjusted professional-type pickup arm with diamond styli, and by exercising reasonable care in keeping discs dirt- and static-free. (For the last purpose, I've found the Mercury "Disc-Charger" the most satisfactory safeguard I've used to date.) Anyway, tape accessories, if not tapes themselves, are certainly subject to wear: magnetic heads wear down at about the same slow rate as a diamond stylus, while tape-transport mechanisms like disc turntables require constant maintenance and occasional replacements.

THE question of freely-re-recording commercial materials is more serious. Taping broadcasts apparently is legitimate if not done for sale, and preserving out-of-print or irreplaceable discs on tape for one's own use seems to me ethically, if not legally, defensible. But taping broadcast—or, worse, borrowed—LP's to avoid purchasing currently marketed material is plainly dubious in both its morality and legality. Fortunately, such "pirating" isn't likely to become widespread among home listeners at present, yet this problem, like that of standardized tape equalization, is sure to rank high among those which a full-grown home-tape movement must eventually solve.

Happily another grave problem—that of maintaining home tape equipments in optimum performance—seems well on its way to a practical solution, that is if tape-worms are willing to make use of such effective and convenient aids as the recently released Test Tapes put out by the Dubbings Company, famous earlier for its invaluable test disc-records.

And most encouraging of all signs of healthy development in the whole tape movement (and an augury of the better mutual enlightenment of its partisans and critics) is the open discussion of tape's basic problems and the free—even if at times over-vehement—debate over the more controversial issues involved. Tape's natural potentialities are far too great either to be ignored or distorted. If I concentrated earlier on the latter danger, it's a pleasure to return now to the former—and to acknowledge that when the best tape-worm spokesmen turn on one, they have a lot to say that even a bigoted discophile can listen to with genuine profit.

—R. D. DARRELL.

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HITS AND MISSES

What to do till the Curfew Comes

IF THERE is anyone who would like a good swoon in the atmosphere of Rio de Janeiro, I can recommend him heartily to "Dinner in Rio," by Fafa Lemos and his Orchestra (RCA Victor LPM-1017). This is a Brazilian café band of high sentimental order. Fafa himself appeared as violin soloist with the Rio Philharmonic when he was thirteen, and later played with the Rio Symphony. In front of a rhumba-style rhythm section he remains a very sensitive fiddler and he is ably supported by flute, clarinet, and French horn. The tunes are nocturnal dillies, including the noted "Brazil" and "Baia," and the jacket cover is suitably embellished with a photograph of a Rio cavalier gazing into a local decolletage.

The Latin strain, with fine modern jazz accents, is represented by another excellent LP of chamber syncopation from the guitarist Laurindo Almeida and his quartet (Bud Shank, alto saxophone; Harry Babasin, bass; Roy Harte, drums). This is one of the most provocative, tasteful little ensembles in modern music; Shank and Almeida are of the latest, most learned generation of jazz stars; the tunes are mostly Latin-American specialties but also include versions of "Speak Low" and "Stairway to the Stars" (Pacific PJLP-13). Modern chamber jazz of charm and finesse is also to be heard from the Swedish Bengt Hallberg ensemble, featuring the leader on the piano and Lars Gullin on the baritone saxophone (Pacific EP 4-17) and from the Chico Hamilton Trio, led by the original drummer of the Gerry Mulligan Quartet, with Howard Roberts, guitar, and George Djvivier, bass (Pacific EP 4-20).

I hope that my addiction to good chamber jazz can be charged to the lucid, lightly buoyant music itself rather than, simply, to the onset of middle age with its waning interest in high tension. But when the tensions are skilfully aroused and maintained I am pleased to say that I remind myself of my salad days. Charlie Ventura is a modern master of the saxophone family. His ideas are often a little too cute for my taste and he is given to a good deal of deep braying on the baritone horn; but he is inventive, he has spirit and rhythm, and at his best is highly stimulating. Also he has frequently surrounded himself with top-line players. One of his best bands, demobilized a few years ago, was a powerhouse, be-boppish outfit including several of the finest modern jazz instrumentalists: trumpeter Conti Condoli; trombonist Benny Green; alto saxophonist Boots Mussilli; and drummer Ed Shaughnessy. They may be heard, as recorded in concert, on a new LP (Norman GNP Vol. 1) and they make electrifying music, with some remarkable solo playing. The numbers include a fast, esoteric blues called "Birdland," a prismatic Pete Rugolo arrangement of "Flamingo," and an instrumental and vocal fantasy appropriately named "Boptura." Charlie Ventura also appears with pleasing small combinations in "The Charlie Ventura Quartet" (Norgran MG N-8) and "An Evening with Charlie Ventura and Mary Ann McCall" (Norgran MG N-20).

A modern jazz battle of the sexes occurs on "Cats vs. Chicks" (M-G-M EA-255) . . . A male band and a female band each play the same three numbers and then join forces in Irving Berlin's "Anything You Can Do (I Can Do Better)." The male group is led by Duke Ellington's trumpeter Clark Terry and includes Lucky Thompson, tenor saxophone; Urbie Green, trombone; Horace Silver, piano; Tad Farlow, guitar; Kenny Clarke, drums; and Percy Heath, bass. These are all first-class names. The ladies, and a gifted bevy they are, include Terry Pollard, vibraphone; Beryl Booker, piano; Norma Carson, trumpet; Corky Hecht, harp; Mary Osborne, guitar; Elaine Leighton, drums; and Bonnie Wetzel, bass. Not to keep the reader in suspense any longer, I may say that I found all the music commendable, none of it outstanding, and that in general, as might have been expected, the gentlemen scored for vigor and the ladies for refinement. Or is my conception of the sexes too utterly antique? Devotees of the bravura trumpeter Roy Eldridge will find him in an unusually quiet (and to me unusually delightful) mood in "When Your Lover Has Gone" and "I Can't Get Started" (Clef 89123) and on the Gene Krupa Sextet's "Windy" and "Meddle My Minor" (Clef 89119) I was particularly taken with the lightning trombone of the great Bill Harris.

"Jazz at the Boston Arts Festival" (Storyville LP-311) may suggest that same palsied influence from the Boston Athenaeum must have gripped the bandstand, but such was not the

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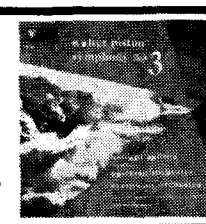
case. Ever since last summer's Newport Jazz Festival it has been obvious that jazz has succeeded in jumping free and clear of glum tradition. At Boston the band contained such live wires as trumpeter Ruby Braff, trombonist Vic Dickenson, and drummer Buzzy Drootin, and they played in a number of styles: New Orleans ("High Society"), Dixieland ("At the Jazz Band Ball"), *a la* Armstrong ("When It's Sleepy Time Down South"), *a la* Basie ("Swinging the Blues"), etc. The result is agreeable as well as diverse.

The blues. It is a truism of jazz commentary that it is the very basic simplicity of the blues form which permits such a wonderful variety of expression, in spirit and in figuration, from the best improvisers. But in order fully to realize this, what a mass of desperate, mediocre, suffocating blues one is obliged to hear! There are so many that sometimes I feel like swearing off. Then, as this month, there are fresh reminders of what lyric warmth, what nuances of feeling the truly musicianly player or singer can pour into this little mold. There are some fine, raw country, and edge-of-town items from 1928 by Bessie Tucker with K. D. Johnson at the piano—"Got Cut All to Pieces," "Fort Worth and Denver Blues," "Fryin' Pan Skillet Blues," and "Penitentiary Blues" ("X" Vault Originals EVA-8). The splendid Hociel Thomas sings a rich blues program and plays her own piano while the late Mutt Carey delicately abets her on the trumpet—these from 1946 (Riverside RLP-1042). And RCA Victor has had the sagacity to comb its files for many of the Victor label blues performances by Louis Armstrong (RCA Victor LJM-1005) between the years 1933 and 1947. Some of these might be called commercial if it were anyone but Armstrong at work. As it is, he can make one cheer a composed piece like "The Blues Are Brewin'" while burdened with a seventeen-man supporting band; his work with the trombonist Jack Teagarden is some of the most endearing music in jazz; and when Louis knocks out "Where the Blues Were Born in New Orleans" with some of his old Crescent City sidekicks, it is time to suspend comment if not belief.

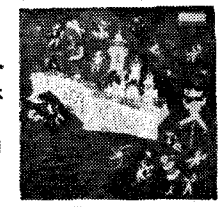
Still another Jelly Roll Morton piano re-issue comes along (Riverside RLP-1041) and another collection of New Orleans classics by one of the best crews of young revivalists, Gene Mayl's Dixieland Rhythm Kings (Riverside RLP-2505). I hope soon to get around to discussion of the most sophisticated and cogent book on jazz I have read; the as-yet-untranslated André Hodier's "Hommes et Problèmes du Jazz." —WILDER HOBSON.

Mercury LIVING PRESENCE

NEW RELEASES

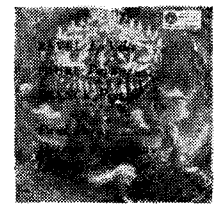


Piston Symphony No. 3. Howard Hanson conducting the Eastman-Rochester Orchestra
MG40010

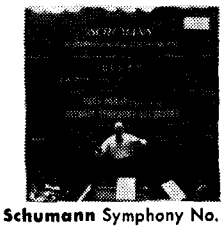


Reed La Fiesta Mexicana; **Mennin** Canzona; **Persichetti** Psalm; **Hanson** Chorale and Alleluia. Frederick Fennell conducting the Eastman Wind Ensemble
MG40011

Berlioz Symphonie Fantastique. Antal Dorati conducting the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra
MG50034



Ravel La Valse; **Faure** Pavane; **Franck** Psyche. Paul Paray conducting the Detroit Symphony Orchestra
MG50029



Schumann Symphony No. 4; **Liszt** Les Preludes. Paul Paray conducting the Detroit Symphony Orchestra
MG50036

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Dukas The Sorcerer's Apprentice; **Faure** Pelleas and Melisande; **Roussel** The Spider's Feast. Paray, Detroit Symphony Orchestra. MG50035	". . . . this is a 'Sorcerer's Apprentice' that bubbles and froths as few have in recent years." Irving Kolodin, The Saturday Review
Tchaikovsky The Nutcracker (complete ballet). Dorati, Minneapolis Orchestra. OL-2-101	". . . the finest reproduction yet heard on the Olympian Series, . . . the highest praise we can bestow upon the set; . . . magnificent . . . Dorati's handling of the score is a masterly job . . . it would be hard to imagine a finer performance, recording and packaging of this music." The New Records, Philadelphia
MacDowell Second ("Indian") Suite. Hanson, Eastman-Rochester Orchestra. MG40009	"Hanson elicits a fine performance . . . and Mercury again has put its mike in precisely the right place." The American Record Guide
Rimsky-Korsakov Second Symphony ("Antar"); Russian Easter Overture. Paray, Detroit Orchestra. MG50028	"Brilliant conducting plus an unusually bright, resonant and clearly defined sound reproduction . . ." Thomas B. Sherman, St. Louis Post-Dispatch
Taylor Through the Looking Glass. Hanson, Eastman-Rochester Orchestra. MG40008	". . . Hanson and his orchestra catch perfectly the fanciful spirit of the music . . . the engineers have done a superlative job in conveying every tint and nuance in the performance." Minneapolis Sunday Tribune
Marches by John Philip Sousa and others. Fennell, Eastman Symphonic Wind Ensemble. MG40007	". . . the finest record of its kind . . . the music has been recorded beautifully . . . an outstanding performance." The Courier Journal, Louisville, Ky.
Bartok Concerto for Orchestra. Dorati, Minneapolis Orchestra. MG50033	". . . magnificently played . . . recorded with a technical skill that is astounding . . . by far the outstanding recording of this year." The Jamestown (New York) Sun
Kodaly Peacock Variations; **Bartok** Miraculous Mandarin Suite. Dorati, Chicago Orchestra. MG50038	". . . the performance . . . is so beautifully organized, so vital, lucid and resonant that to hear it is a major adventure in luxurious orchestral color." Herbert Roussel, Houston Post
Schubert "Unfinished" Symphony; **Tchaikovsky** Romeo And Juliet, Overture. Dorati, Chicago Orchestra. MG50037	"An excellent reading of Schubert's 'Unfinished' Symphony, and a well-integrated and imaginative one of Tchaikovsky's 'Romeo and Juliet' . . ." Chicago Sun-Times

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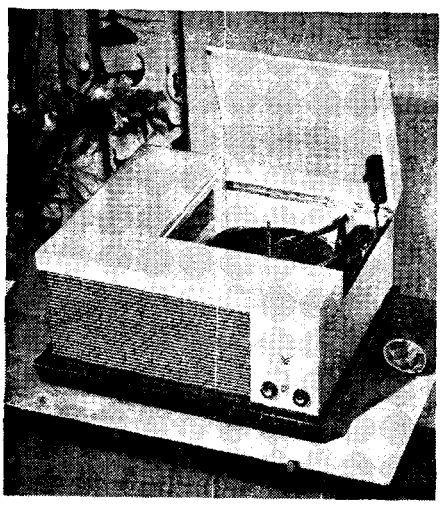

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Hi-Fi Without Music

By IRVING KOLODIN

HOW to separate the true audiophile from the amateur or neophyte variety is not as difficult as it might seem. The ordinary person of musical inclinations possessed of the human vanity to show off his possessions follows a reasonably routine procedure. He takes a choice record from his shelf, puts it on the turntable, and stands back to await results. What issues from the speaker is thereafter in the hands of the composer, the performers, the recording engineers, and, of course, the equipment.

With the true audiophile the procedure is distinctly otherwise—in fact, the reverse. The equipment comes first. The fact is, the T-A can exhibit his equipment with no record at all. He turns on the turntable and invites his friend to observe that its rumble is as inaudible as a feather dropping on a pile of hay. Next comes the amplifier. Hum is of the variety to be encountered when an empty canoe glides over a windless lake. If he swivels the volume control to maximum output, bends over the loudspeaker with hand cupped to ear, and stands up with a beaming face, you are confronted by a happy man. His property has responded in championship style. Absolutely nothing can be heard.

There comes a moment when even the T-A has to resort to the use of a record. If his heritage is legitimate and he has learned the fine points of his estate, he will prefer the demonstration type, with sweep and gliding tones to demonstrate the flat response of his amplifier, the absence of peaks in his speaker, and the hound's-tooth cleanness of his diamond stylus as it moves silently through the grooves. Here, of course, he has to admit the collaboration of a recording engineer, but that worthy's contribution to the total result could as well be done by a calculating machine. The tone glides according to formula, so many frequencies per second, from a groaning thirty kc—down in the organ-bass neighborhood—up to a non-existent 16,000 cycles per second, which he alone of humans can hear.

This is an amusing game and can be subjected to a certain number of variations, by introducing voltmeters across the speaker-line to show exactly what is going into it from the pickup and amplifier, or getting an oscilloscope and rendering the whole thing visible instead of audible. But there is a limit to the patience of most guests, however friendly their inclinations, and something a little more diverting (for them) is then in order.

Several thoughtful manufacturers have seen to this problem by producing more than a scattering of records in which an exciting range of audible effects is conveyed without recourse to anything commonly considered music. The classic forerunner of these all was the EMS (Elaine Music Shop) disc devoted to "Ionization," by Edgar Varese, a formidable collection of noises well-calculated to give the hardiest speaker indigestion. For those who might have tuned in late, "Ionization" is a collection of effects for percussion, which might as well be titled "Times Square on New Year's Eve."

Of more recent date is a contribution from the Boston Record Company which will soon be spinning on T-A turntables from Bangor, Maine, to Brawley, California. It is a "Toccata for Percussion," by Carlos Chavez, which makes Rimsky Korsakoff's "Rhapsodie Espagnole" sound like a berceuse. However, the T-A is not likely to tolerate it more than five minutes or so, for there then comes a little tinkling on the glockenspiel and xylophone which is much like a tune. He can then flip to side two, where Harold Farberman, a twenty-five-year-old member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's percussion section, has dreamed up (obviously after a dash of pickles and ice cream) a piece called "Evolution." This is a kind of jam session which sounds as if Etain Shadler of the Shan Kar Dance troupe had met some of the boys from the Dancers of Bali *gamelan* ensemble and they had shaken hands without remembering to put down their instruments. Or, if the T-A is bored with all this, he can listen quietly to his equipment playing nothing, while studying the appetizing picture (on the sleeve of B-207, $5.95) of the Boston Percussion Group with hardware—six men good and true who could make much more of their talents than either Chavez or Farberman permits them to, provided the T-A had his way.

London has (perhaps unwittingly) lent itself to furthering this mania by producing a series of "Music of Africa" discs (half-a-dozen ten-inch records beginning with LB-825, $3.95), several devoted to such titles as

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"Drums of East Africa," "Congo Drums," etc. In his engaging spoken introduction, Hugh Tracey, who collected the material, issues an invitation to disaster by saying: "If you wish to obtain a fair idea of the great percussive effect of these Rwanda drums, you should play this recording as loudly as you can . . . almost deafening if you like. It will still be only a fraction of the great welter of sound which these fourteen men produce from the great African drums." The genial Tracey, whose scholarly work deserves a better fate, may find himself invited to some unexpected part of the world to hear how a T-A has surpassed the original "welter of sound" and perhaps, in truth, brought the house down.

Glinka Exhumed

GLINKA: *"Trio Pathétique"*; RIMSKY-KORSAKOV: *Trio in C minor. David Oistrakh, violin; Sviatoslav Knushevitsky, cello; Lev Oborin, piano.* (Concert Hall 1306, $5.95.)

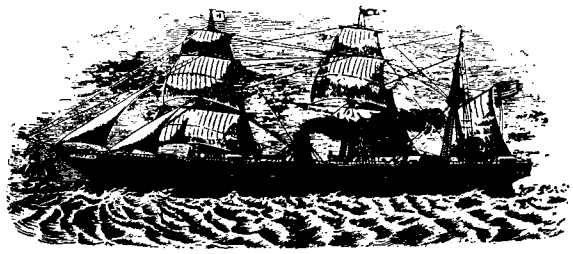
THE revival of national "musical heritage" is proceeding apace in Russia. Collected works of the great masters of Russian music are being brought out in impressive series of many volumes; juvenilia and unfinished manuscripts preserved in the libraries are dusted off and lovingly edited for publication. When the composer himself destroyed a manuscript of an orchestral work, it is restored from a set of parts if such can be found. This is how Rachmaninoff's early symphony was brought back to life.

The exhumation and recording of Glinka's "Trio Pathétique" and Rimsky-Korsakov's Trio in C minor is an instance of this scholarly diligence. Neither work is characteristic. The Glinka Trio without an identification tag might be taken for a piece by Cherubini, and Rimsky-Korsakov's Trio could be ascribed to Raff. Both works are pleasant to listen to, and their cosmopolitan character reminds the musical listener that Russian composers were not born with the full equipment of melodic and harmonic accoutrements familiar to us through their mature works.

Glinka wrote his "Trio Pathétique" in 1826 at the age of twenty-two. He was then studying singing in St. Petersburg with an Italian maestro. The original scoring was for clarinet, bassoon, and piano; it was arranged by Hřimaly for violin, cello, and piano. Glinka's instrumental writing was not distinctive in the original

(*Continued on page 55*)

JUST ARRIVED



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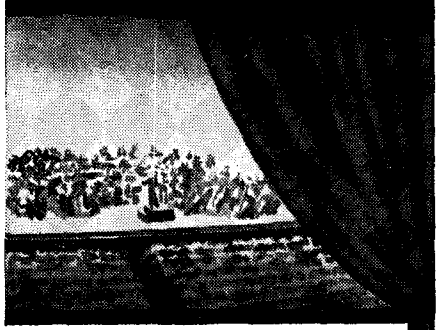

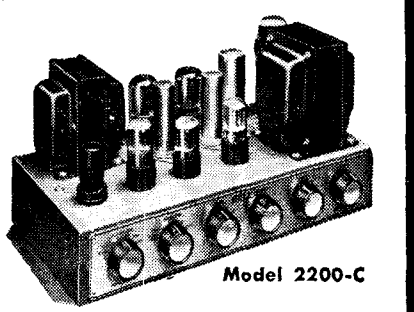

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HI-FILINGS

Don't Dig That Groove

THOUGH it is barely visible to the naked eye, RCA's Gruve-Gard design is one of the most important contributions to high-quality music reproduction since the advent of the long-play disc, as an aid to eliminating a common cause of record damage and its resultant distortion. It has long been known that dust and grit are largely responsible for increased background noise and excessive record and stylus wear. However, it was not until the results of a recent survey and the investigations it prompted were made public ("The Wear and Care of Records and Styli," Climax, $1.00) that the full extent of the damage they caused was revealed.

"Dust" can accumulate on a record in three different ways: the airborne "dust" which falls on a record through gravity; the "dust" which is attracted to the surface of the record by static electricity; and the "dust" which is worn from the stylus tip itself. An analysis of the "dust" removed from a number of stylus tips used on average records showed that it consists of approximately 12 per cent jagged silica particles, 35 per cent osmimum, sapphire, or diamond dust (depending upon the type of stylus used), 40 per cent miscellaneous particles (including soot, grit, and those particles worn from the record groove itself). The remaining 13 per cent consists of flocculated fibers and lint.

From this analysis it is obvious that almost 60 per cent of the "dust" removed from a record is harder than the comparatively soft material of which the disc is manufactured, and is therefore capable of scratching and damaging it. This "dust" can cause damage as the record is being removed or inserted into its jacket by being drawn across the playing surfaces, creating nicks and scratches which deform the groove walls and result in distortion. The "dust" can also be pressed into the playing surfaces by the weight of one or more records stacked without jackets or on record changers. This also may result in groove distortion.

Particles of dust are often forced into the grooves themselves by both of these methods, causing a substantial increase in noise level. Since these "dust" particles are often as large as the recorded impressions in the groove which recreate the sound, it becomes apparent that they too will affect the stylus movement, setting up random impulses which are translated as noise. This increase in noise level due to dust and grit is a large factor in the hissing sound commonly (and mistakenly) referred to as needle scratch.

RCA's new Gruve-Gard disc, because of its ingenious design, will actually prevent any airborne dust which may accumulate on a record from being ground into the playing surface. This is accomplished simply and effectively by the raised label and the raised outer rim which create an air space between the playing surfaces and any other flat object.

Despite the fact that this new type of record is an important step forward, we still must contend with some of the other problems created by "dust." For example: a phonograph stylus acts very much like a ball-bearing as it rides in the record groove. Carrying this concept still further, we might ask what would happen if a handful of sand were thrown between the bearing and the surface it contacts?

IT SHOULD now be obvious that any method of preventing dust and grit from accumulating on and being ground into a record will greatly increase its useful life, the life of the stylus used, and, importantly, reduce the possibility of increased surface noise. Many methods have been devised to combat the problems created by "dust" on records and to reduce its effect on wear and reproduction. However, none was ever completely effective and all soon passed into oblivion with one exception, the cleaning pad. Unfortunately this device is still in general use today despite the fact that it does not clean records! A record pad can actually damage records by scratching then and grinding the microscopic dust and grit into the playing surface.

There are, however, a number of new methods which utilize the latest discoveries in chemistry and nuclear physics. These can and do either remove the dust or nullify the electrostatic charge which attracts a great percentage of it. Walco Stati-Clean is a chemical product which nullifies the static charge very effectively. This chemical is sprayed on the record and then spread over its surface with a soft cloth. The Duotone Company

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has available a chemically-treated cloth which also nullifies the electrostatic charge. Both of these products are of considerable help in preventing airborne dust from being attracted and adhering to the record. However, before a cloth or any object which comes in contact with the playing surface of a record is used the disc should be immaculately clean, since this rubbing action may grind the dust particles adhering to the record into its surface.

Completely removing dust and grit from a record is not simple. A number of factors must be considered. First, the cleaner must not contain any fatty or gummy substances which would tend to remain in the record grooves and harden, thus affecting reproduction. Second, the cleaner must completely penetrate the engraved depressions in the grooves (some are as small as .0005 inch) and remove particles of stylus dust microscopic in size. Third, the cleaner must not affect the record material itself in any manner.

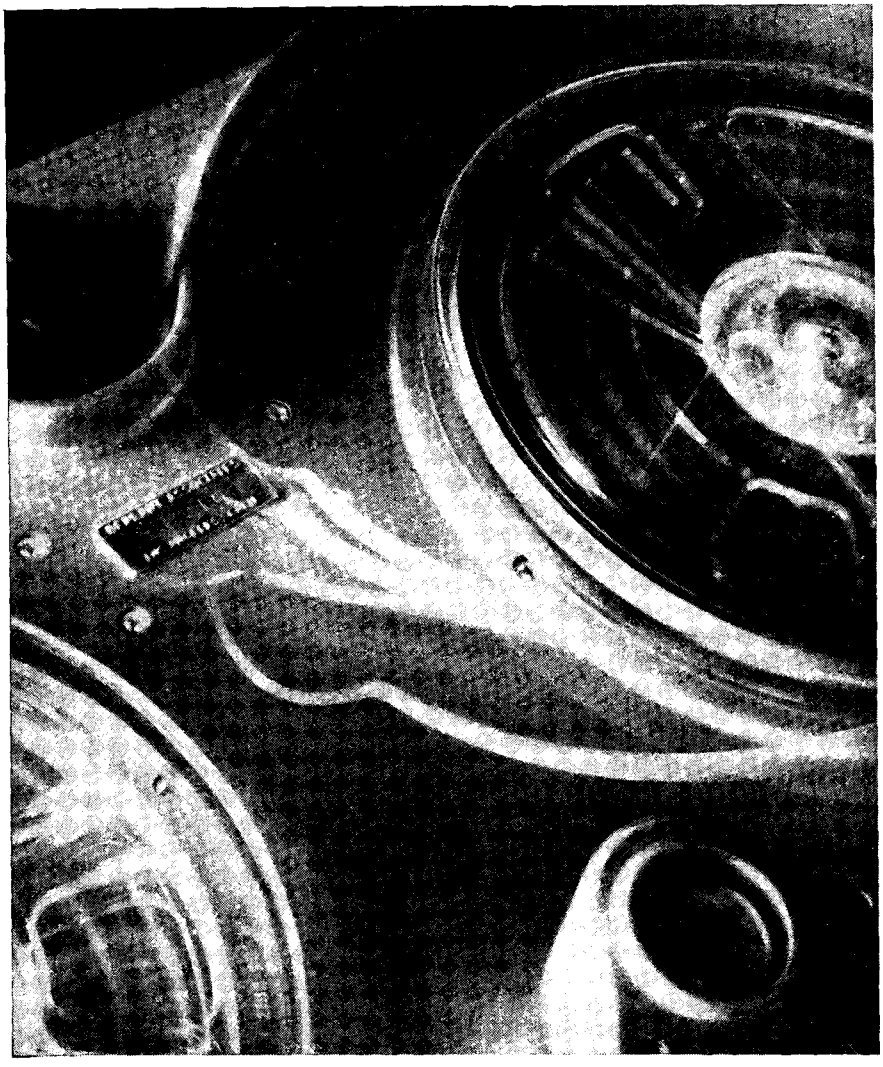
Sonafax K-33 is a highly effective chemical cleaner which fulfils all of these requirements. The obvious results of its use are a considerable reduction in noise level and a record which even looks clean to the naked eye. Further examination of a cleaned record under a powerful microscope shows that the grooves actually are microscopically clean.

There is another device, which utilizes radioactive material in a pellet clipped onto the pickup arm to nullify the static charge. The Mercury Disc-Charger, as it is called, is very effective in nullifying the electrostatic charge and has the additional advantage of being automatic in its operation.

From these remarks it should be obvious that any amount of time expended in cleaning and caring for our record collection is well repaid in better reproduction, reduced background noise, and greatly increased record and stylus life. The recommended procedure is: the immediate use of one of the anti-static agents after purchasing a new record and thereafter a thorough cleaning after each twenty-five playings. The anti-static agent used should always be applied after cleaning. The Mercury Disc-Charger is, as mentioned, automatic in its operation.

Walco, the manufacturers of Statilear, also make polyethylene bags, under the trade name of "Discovers," which are of considerable help in reducing the possibility of scratches and nicks caused by the insertion and removal of conventional records from their jackets.

—Harold D. Weiler.



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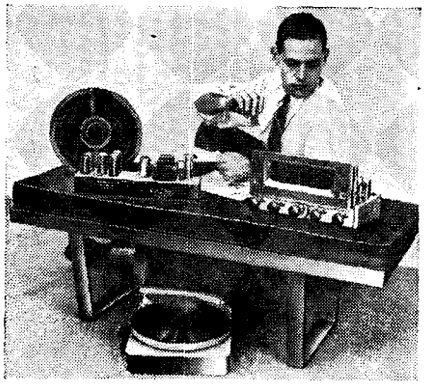

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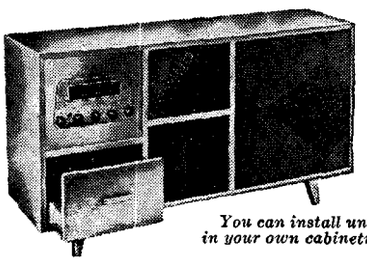

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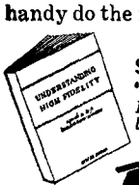

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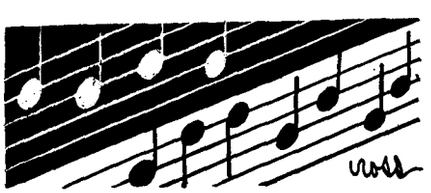
A Hi-Fi Guide to Fifty Familiar Favorites

ORCHESTRAL

ALBÉNIZ-ARBÓS: *"Iberia" (Argenta).* London LL-921.
BEETHOVEN: *Symphony No. 5 (Kleiber).* London LL-912.
BEETHOVEN: *Symphony No. 9 (Toscanini),* RCA LM-1757.
BERLIOZ: *"Symphony Fantastique" (Ormandy).* Columbia ML-4467.
BRAHMS: *Symphony No. 4 (Toscanini).* RCA LM-1713.
CHABRIER: *"España," etc. (Fournet).* Epic LC-3028.
DVORAK: *"New World" Symphony (Toscanini).* RCA LM-1778.
FRANCK: *Symphony (Furtwängler).* London LL-967.
GOLDMARK: *"Rustic Wedding" (Beecham).* Columbia ML-4626.
HAYDN: *"Military" Symphony.* Westminster WL-5045.
IPPOLITOV-IVANOV: *"Caucasian Sketches" (Malko).* RCA LBC-1019.
OFFENBACH: *Overtures (Martinon).* London L-9004.
PROKOFIEV: *"Lt. Kije" Suite (Scherchen).* Westminster WL-5091.
RACHMANINOFF: *Symphony No. 2 (Ormandy).* Columbia ML-4433.
RAVEL: *"Daphnis et Chloe" (Ansermet).* London LL-693.
RIMSKY-KORSAKOV: *"Capriccio Espagnole" (Scherchen).* Westminster LAB-7002.
RIMSKY-KORSAKOV: *"Scheherezade" (Dorati).* Mercury 50009.
ROSSINI: *"William Tell" Overture (Toscanini).* RCA LRM-7054.
SCHUBERT: *Symphony in C (Furtwängler).* Decca DX-119.
STRAUSS, R.: *"Don Juan" (Walter).* Columbia 4650.
STRAUSS, R.: *"Also Sprach Zarathustra" (Reiner).* RCA LM-1806.
STRAVINSKY: *"Sacre du Printemps" (Steinberg).* Capitol P-8254.
TCHAIKOVSKY: *Symphony No. 5 (Van Kempen).* Epic LC-3013.
TCHAIKOVSKY: *"Aurora's Wedding" (Stokowski).* RCA LM-1774.
TCHAIKOVSKY: *"Swan Lake" (Irving).* RCA LBC-1064.



WAGNER: *Overtures (Ormandy).* Columbia ML-4865.

CONCERTI

BRUCH: *Concerto in G minor (Milstein).* Capitol 8243.
CHOPIN: *Concerto in F minor (Novaes).* Vox 7100.
PAGANINI: *Concerto No. 2 (Menuhin).* RCA LHMV-1015.
PROKOFIEV: *Concerto No. 3 (François).* Angel 35045.
RACHMANINOFF: *Concerto No. 2 (Anda).* Angel 35093.
RACHMANINOFF: *"Rhapsody on a Theme by Paganini" (Sherkassky).* RCA LBC-1066.
TCHAIKOVSKY: *Concerto No. 2 (Uninsky).* Epic LC-3010.

OPERATIC

PUCCINI: *"La Boheme" (Tebaldi, etc.).* London LL-462-3.
MASCAGNI: *"Cavalleria" (Callas, etc.).* Angel 3509.
MOUSSORGSKY: *"Boris" (Christoff).* RCA LHMV-1052.
STRAUSS, J.: *"Fledermaus" (Krauss conducting).* London LL-281-2.
STRAUSS, R.: *"Salome" (Goltz, Krauss, etc.).* London 1038-9.
VERDI: *"Trovatore" (Milanov, Warren, etc.).* RCA LM-6008.
WAGNER: *"Parsifal" (Knappertsbusch, etc.).* London LLA-10.

PIANO

BEETHOVEN: *"Waldstein" (Gieseking).* Angel 35024.
CHOPIN: *Preludes (Novaes).* Vox PL-6170.
DEBUSSY: *Preludes (Gieseking).* Angel 35066.
LISZT: *Rhapsodies (Farnadi).* Westminster WL-213.
RAVEL: *Piano Music (Casadesus).* Columbia ML-4518-9-20.
SCHUMANN: *"Carnaval" (Gieseking).* Columbia ML-4772.

VOCAL

GRIEG: *Songs (Flagstad).* RCA LM-99.
SCHUBERT: *Songs (Schlusnus).* Decca 9620-4.
STRAUSS: *Brentano Lieder (Berger).* Decca 9666.
VERDI: *Selections (Milanov).* V LM-1777.

—I. K.

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Glinka

Continued from page 51

version, and the substitution was effected without difficulty.

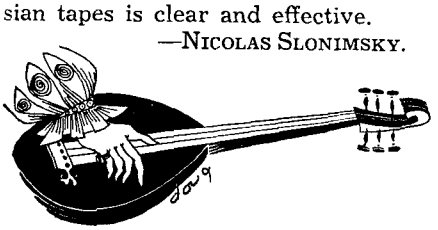
The spirit of Glinka's Trio is reflected in the French motto which he attached to the score: "Je n'ai connu l'amour que par les peines qu'il cause." This painful amour (in D minor, a tonality that in Russian music is expressive of nostalgia and wistful meditation) unfolds in the traditional form of four movements, of which the first three are played without pause. The musical language is Italianate; the melodies are expressive; occasional chromatic harmonies supply dramatic tension. The technical adroitness is the quality that is most striking particularly when one recalls that Glinka regarded himself as completely ignorant at the time and was even ashamed to look back at his early music.

Rimsky-Korsakov's Trio was written in the 1870's, a period when he composed several works for chamber-music combinations. He regarded this Trio as so negligible a production that he would not list it even in the most complete catalogue of his works prepared for him by the worshipful Yastrebtzev. Rimsky-Korsakov's son and editor of the new annotated edition of his autobiography supplies no bibliographical information on the Trio but a mention of its existence.

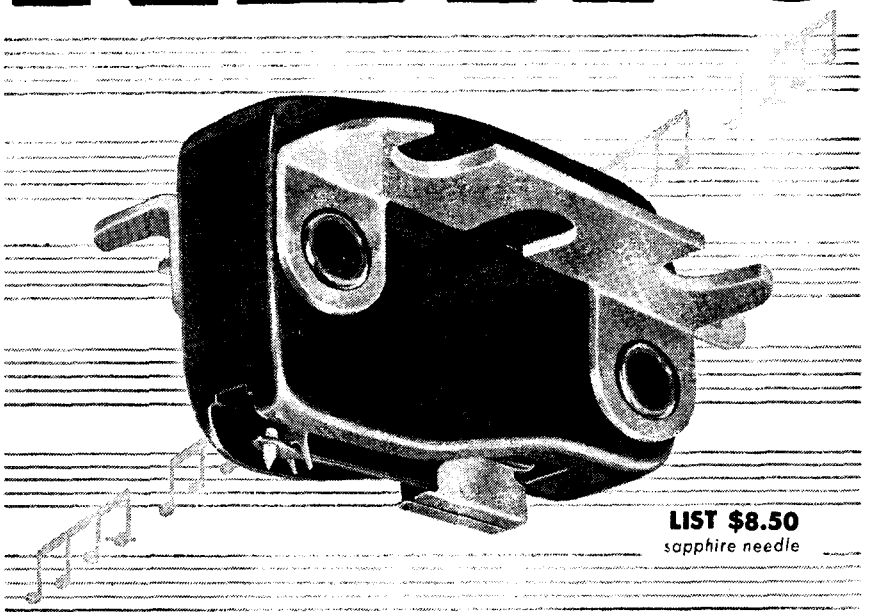
Perhaps Rimsky-Korsakov was right in relegating the Trio to musical limbo. There is nothing in it that would suggest the great flowering of Russo-Oriental music in his operas and symphonic works. Here we find a reflection of German chamber music—Mendelssohn, Schumann (but certainly not Brahms as suggested in the program notes for the present album, for Brahms was unknown in Russia at the time and long afterwards). The Scherzo is the best part, light and airy. There are some curious technical inadequacies in the music of this Trio; it should be remembered that Rimsky-Korsakov long struggled with technical problems.

The performers—Oistrakh, Knushevitsky, and Oborin—are stars of the first magnitude among Russian virtuosos. They naturally do an excellent job, with fine adherence to every detail. The recording from the Russian tapes is clear and effective.

—Nicolas Slonimsky.



NEW!



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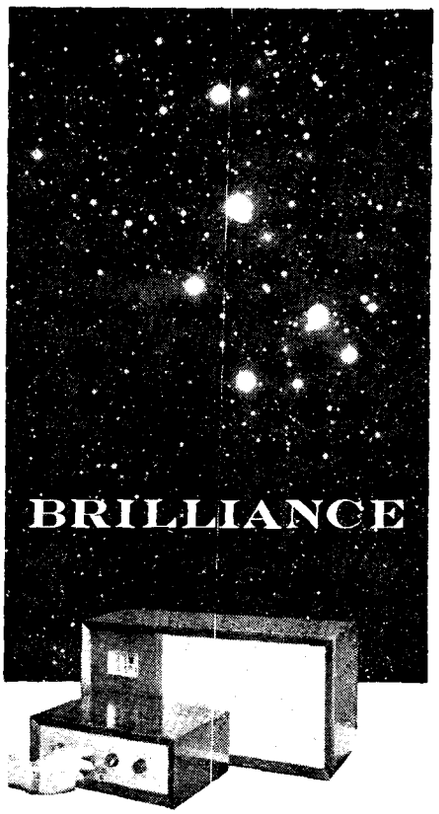

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Is Your Hi-Fi Low?

By WILLIAM LYNCH VALLÉE

WHEN is hi-fi not hi-fi? When it's heard by the 4,000,000 of the nation's 15,000,000 hard of hearing, who suffer uncorrected hearing losses in the very high-pitched tones that hi-fi alone offers.

But these very people could easily get the maximum benefits from their high-fidelity sound reproduction equipment if they listened with the help of a properly-fitted hearing aid. As it is, most people with hearing impairments (who won't wear a hearing aid for reasons of vanity, etc.) are simply wasting good money on hi-fi's high frequencies which they can't even hear. All hi-fi authorities hammer home one salient fact; hi-fi is like a chain that is only as strong as its weakest link. Buy the finest record-player, diamond stylus, amplifier, tuner, coaxial speaker, and baffle, set 'em up, and then consider yourself as part of this chain. If your hearing is below-standard you're the weak link, and you've tossed a wad of dough into the trash can.

Most of the big-city firms which deal in hi-fi maintain showrooms with dozens of amplifiers, tuners, and so on, ready to be electrically linked up into varied combinations. Why do they bother to do this? Because they know that the most impartial judge is *your* ear. As one of the top amplifier manufacturers says: "The one necessary item in any high-quality music system which defies engineering computation is *your own hearing*. When you listen to two audio systems, side-by-side, both of which are identical from an engineering standpoint, one will sound better than the other to you. The other may sound better to someone else. The reason for these differing tastes lies in the psychological factors associated with listening which cannot be reduced to engineering analysis. A system, or any single component, should always be selected on the basis of its *listening* performance—not its paper performance. Buying an amplifier merely because it measures well is as senseless as buying a violin solely because it follows a drawing handed down from Stradivarius."

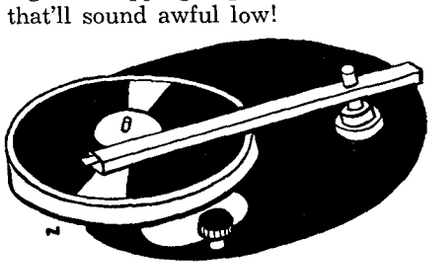
Sound advice to bear in mind when you shell out $300, or $3,000, for precision equipment. You fully expect to hear instruments you've never heard before via records—but will you? That ill-wind-that-nobody-blows-good, the oboe, covers an aural range of 283 to 15,000 cycles per second (cps). But your old-type phonograph never in its life delivered more than 5,000 cps. Only hi-fi will reproduce the oboe, and its brethren, exactly as they are. Provided that you can hear the lovely stuff, of course.

Hi-fi or no, if you're not sure about your hearing, by all means have it checked by an ear doctor or reputable hearing-aid specialist. You may be able to hear everything the boss says to you, but miss out on high musical tones. This can often be corrected by one of the new (almost hi-fi, themselves) hearing aids. Most of the manufacturers are going in for printed circuits—the wiring is literally printed in raised fashion to save space. And all of them use transistors today—those germanium "wonders" that replace vacuum tubes. No glass, no vacuum, no heat. And no "A" battery is needed with their help. Battery costs have dropped from $50 to $5 a year—thanks to the transistor, the latest thing in the field of electronics.

Pick the right aid for you—from among a score or so—and it will supply the frequencies now missing from your hearing range. Daniel Boone was reputed to be able to hear the softest pad of an Injun's moccasin—and maybe he could, since in those days a top of 20,000 cps was common among trained woodsmen. A top, incidentally, that has steadily declined under the onslaught of noises. The modern male is lucky if he can hear up to 14,000. His wife can usually reach a little higher.

Remember one thing. Those with *visual* defects never decide that the people they're trying to see are, in themselves, blurred. But the hard-of-hearing have a little trick of insisting that the speaker failed to speak clearly, or that background noise interfered. Or that the hi-fi they've just bought is a bunch of junk.

Better check yourself, before writing a whopping big check for hi-fi that'll sound awful low!



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Audio Bookshelf

By R. D. DARRELL

ONE of the very few sounds you *won't* hear at the Audio Fair is the stuttering chatter of a battery of typewriters. But that subsonic obbligato is an indispensable voice in the pandemonium you do hear. Without it the Fair itself—or indeed the whole high-fidelity movement of which the Fair is not more than a blatantly over-explicit symbol—never could have won its present public, or rejoice as it does in its present lusty vitality. For audio, like opera, is born of the union of music with words: its life and growth depend as surely on its writers (spokesmen, teachers, and critics) as on its soundsmiths, manufacturers, and listeners.

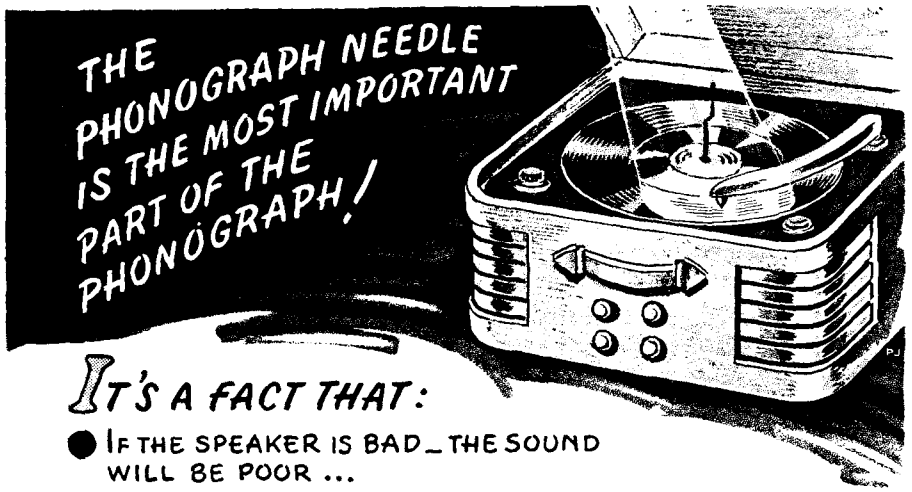
Yet, just as it is unfair to judge the latter solely on the basis of the confusing and often frantic Fair demonstrations and audiences, you scarcely can evaluate the real worth and extent of the audio literature by the samples you will find in exhibitors' booths or the Audio Engineering Society's Sixth Annual Convention sessions. These floods of advertising leaflets, component catalogues, and technical papers, plus a few magazines and books, are representative enough, certainly, but they fall far short of telling the whole story.

About this time last fall, when I surveyed "The Audio Bookshelf" in these pages [*SR* Oct. 10, 1953], I felt obliged to emphasize—and to explain, as best I could—its "painfully obvious deficiencies in extent, substance, and accessibility." These deficiencies have not been entirely remedied, of course, within the short space of a year. Nevertheless, I now feel that a brighter picture is justified, partly by the actual publication accomplishments of the past twelve months, but to an even greater extent by those in prospect for the near future. For what earlier was little more than a pious hope now is coming to be backed by evidence: the literature of sound recording and reproduction—no less than the singular art-science of audio itself—at last is emerging from its long adolescence into a true maturity. And if a single, impressive monument still is lacking to mark that significant change in status, it won't be long: the first—Roland Gelatt's—extensive **"History of the Phonograph"** now is near completion and is scheduled for 1955 publication by Lippincott.

Below the special place reserved for that unique work comes the familiar shelf long since established as the domain of "record books." Already its earlier bulk of mostly out-of-print volumes has had to be pushed well over to make room for newcomers. Of those predicted last year, the ponderous Hall-Levin entry has been further delayed and the Ishlon-Townsend work expected from Ballantine has been dropped, although it may appear later under some other imprint. But Taubman's **"How to Build a Record Library"** (Hanover House) came out in time to be reviewed simultaneously with its "bookshelf" announcement, and my own **"Good Listening"** (Knopf; *SR* Oct. 31) was issued soon after. (It is to reappear in a revised edition this December, both in Knopf hardcover and New American Library [Mentor] formats.) And these were followed by two more specialized studies: the Library of Congress's useful **"List of American Folk Songs Currently Available on Records"** (Government Printing Office; *SR* May 29) and Ramsey's invaluable **"Guide to Longplay Jazz Records"** (Long Player Publications; *SR* July 31).

To these should be added three important importations: a Second Supplement (1951-1952) to the mighty Clough and Cuming **"World Encyclo-**

(*Continued on page 65*)



IT'S A FACT THAT:

- IF THE SPEAKER IS BAD—THE SOUND WILL BE POOR ...
- IF THE AMPLIFIER IS INFERIOR—THE SOUND WILL BE DEFECTIVE ...
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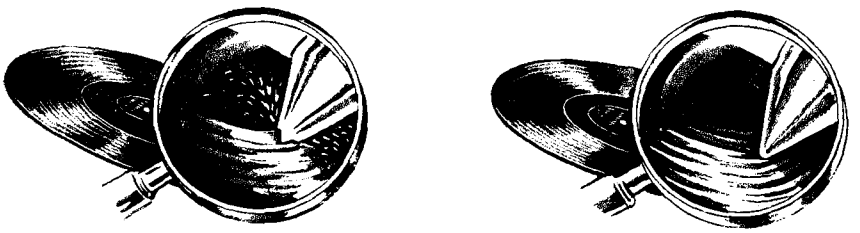

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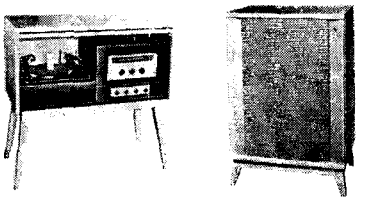

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Audio Fair Forecast

THE New York Audio Fair, precursor and parent of similar events elsewhere in the country, begins its second half-decade in the customary Hotel New Yorker surroundings with more exhibitors, more floors of space (5, 6, 7, and 8), more hours of activity—from Thursday, October 14 through Sunday, October 17—and it is cheerfully hoped, more visitors than ever before. For the first time the public will be accommodated on Saturday night as well as Sunday, a gratifying convenience.

In this sixth year of exhibition tape and tape-recorders, for home as well as professional use, will be in greater prominence than ever before. However, as the adjoined preview-listing discloses, all the components of fine reproduction will be audible in improved designs, with several manufacturers who have hitherto been identified largely with laboratory or professional products offering their wares for the first time in the consumer market. Corner speakers, speaker enclosures (both in compact designs and those more ample—where space is not a factor), and various adaptations of the folded-horn principle will be in more profusion than previously, in many instances at more advantageous prices. Makers of pick-ups and cartridges, turntables and changers, pre-amps and amplifiers, equalizers and radio tuners, not to mention speakers of American and English design, all promise revelations of interest. **KEY:** An "*" denotes first-time exhibitor. "( )" indicates the number of years exhibitor has been represented. "R." indicates room-number of exhibit.

***ACOUSTIC RESEARCH, INC.**—Introduces a new loudspeaker emphasizing reduction of low frequency distortion (R. 714).

ACRO PRODUCTS CO. (4)—100-watt high-fidelity amplifier circuit, providing for home user power reserve sufficient to keep performance far from distortion level (R. 515).

***ALLEGRO ELECTRONICS CORP.**—New models in complete price range of hi-fi phonographs and of AM-FM phono consoles (R. 504).

AMERICAN ELITE, INC. (3)—Hi-fi table radios with three speakers and phono, second speaker, and tape jacks; also pencil-type and recording microphones of Telefunken origin (R. 639).

AMPEX CORP. (6)—Portable magnetic tape recorders and portable speaker-amplifier with flat frequency response from 60 to 10,000 cycles. New models in consumer price range (R. 622).

AMPRO CORP. (2)—A complete line of hi-fi tape recorders and tape recorder-radio combinations (R. 833).

ASCO SOUND CORP. (4)—Hi-fi miniatures for table-top use (R. 606).

AUDIO DEVICES, INC. (6)—Audiotape in color and on colored reels; audiotape for instrumentation use; audiotape on "Mylar" Polyester film (R. 651).

***AUDIOGERSH CORP.**—Miracord XA-100 three-speed changer with selective pause time between records; Miracord XM-100 manual unit (R. 732).

BEAM INSTRUMENTS CORP. (5)—Acoustical QUAD amplifiers and W/B Stentorian Loudspeakers with new enclosures (R. 752-3).

BELL SOUND SYSTEMS, INC. (6)—New hi-fi twelve-inch speakers, hi-fi amplifiers and radio tuners; also new tape recorder (R. 524).

BERLANT ASSO. (4)—Concertone Tape Recorder, in new models for home and professional use, also binaural recorders and sound-on-sound adapter (R. 533).

DAVID BOGEN CO., INC. (4)—Matching tuner and amplifier for open-shelf mounting; new amplifiers (DB20DF and D030A) permitting precise coupling of amplifier to speaker (R. 632).

R. T. BOZAK CO. (4)—High quality coax speaker systems (R. 647).

BRITISH INDUSTRIES CORP. (6)—TL/10 Amplifier and pre-amplifier combina-

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tion with new feature permitting the cutting and playback of tapes by front-panel jacks. New Briggs enclosure and new Wharfedale speaker with cloth suspension and aluminum voice coil. Introducing also new type headphones for amateurs and professionals (R. 650-2-3).

BROWNING LABORATORIES, INC. (4)—AM-FM tuner, also separate FM tuner, and a combined unit designed for use in reception of binaural broadcasts (R. 742).

BROCINER ELECTRONICS LABORATORY (5)—Amplifiers, pre-amplifiers, and speaker systems, all using "printed circuit" techniques (R. 523).

***CAPITOL RECORDS, INC.**—Exhibiting new recordings including hi-fi album "A Study in High Fidelity" (R. 850).

CAPEHART-FARNSWORTH CORP. (2)—New models in high quality console units, with table set as newest feature (R. 846).

COLUMBIA RECORDS, INC. (2)—Showing new Columbia 360K hi-fi phonograph, also Columbia Bell and Howell tape recorder (R. 835-36).

***FRANK L. CAPPS, INC.**—New dynamic microphone, also styli for professional record cutting purposes (R. 516).

CONRAC, INC. (2)—Television Chassis for custom installation (R. 721).

COOK LABORATORIES, INC. (5)—New hi-fi and binaural records and equipment (R. 648-9).

DAYSTROM ELECTRIC CORP. (3)—New console model Crestwood tape recorders (R. 703).

***DICTOGRAPH PRODUCTS, INC.**—Hi-fi home-music systems with diamond stylus, separate speaker enclosures, various finishes. Both ten and twenty-watt amplifiers (R. 834).

***ELECTRO-SONIC LABORATORIES**—Phonograph cartridges and tone-arms and input transformers (R. 728).

ELECTRO- VOICE, INC. (5)—Showing new E-V A20C twenty-watt Circlotron Amplifier, providing unity coupling between tubes and eliminating all switching transients; also exhibiting complete line of hi-fi speakers, reproducing systems, and phono cartridges (R. 626).

ESPEY MFG. CO., INC. (3)—Introducing new AM-FM receivers and tuners with twelve-watt Williamson amplifiers; new "overture" speaker-amplifier enclosure: complete binaural reproducing system (R. 634-5).

FAIRCHILD RECORDING EQUIPMENT CO. (6)—Featuring model-240 pre-amplifier-equalizer with input channels for AM, FM, tape, and TV sound, and frequency response of twenty to 30,000 cycles: equipped with three-position switch operating with or without Fletcher-Munson Curve loudness compensation (R. 526).

FEDERATED ELECTRONIC SALES, INC. (2)—Popular-price and professional "Pentron" tape recorders; will also show various RCA hi-fi items and the new V-M hi-fi table-model player (R. 832).

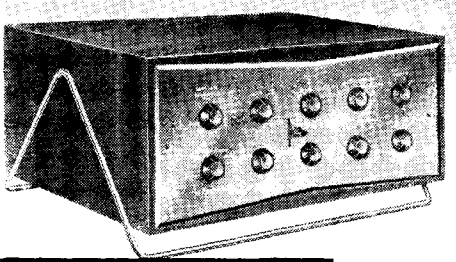
***FENTON CO.**—Will introduce PE-Rex record-changer that intermixes all records from 6" to 12" with automatic muting switch and shut-off; two-speed dual-track tape recorder accommodating 1,750-foot reels (British Vortexion), also Motek tape transport mechanism without amplifier, for 1,200-foot reels (R. 502).

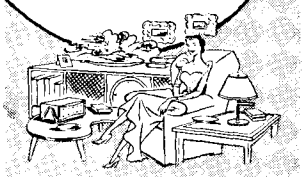
FERRANTI ELECTRIC, INC. (2)—Complete line of pickups featuring Williamson designs (R. 837).

For 30 Years, the Choice of the Professionals!

Langevin—one of the oldest exclusive manufacturers of professional audio equipment—has been the principal supplier of broadcast and recording audio equipment for over three decades, to the nation's major TV and broadcast networks, and recording studios. No matter what time of day you listen to your favorite broadcast or recording, chances are that it was made over Langevin equipment.

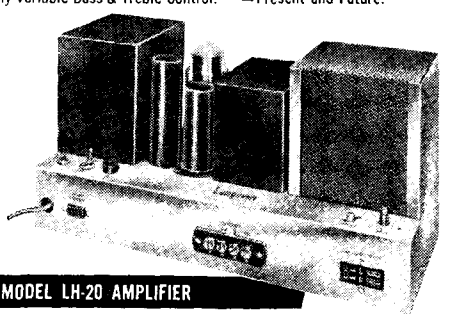
by Langevin -now available to every music listener!





MODEL LH-21 EQUALIZER-PREAMPLIFIER

- Inputs: Record, Tape, Microphone, TV, Tuner.
- Equalizing: 3 Methods—Switch Selection of Seven Preset Equalization Curves or Seven Bass Turnover Positions plus Seven Treble Rollover Positions or Continuously Variable Bass & Treble Control.
- Loudness Control: Equalized Bass and Treble at Low Volume.
- Cutoff Filter: 3 Frequencies and Off for Old Records.
- Power Switch: Remote Controls Power to Amplifier, Tuner, etc.
- Compensates for All Recording Curves—Present and Future.



MODEL LH-20 AMPLIFIER

- Power Output: 20 Watts (cont.), 40 Peak Watts
- Response: ±.1 db, 20 to 50,000 cycles at 20 Watts; ±1 db 10 to 100,000 Cycles at 15 Watts.
- Harmonic Distortion: Under ⅓% at Rated Output.
- Intermod. Distortion: Under ½% at Rated Output.
- Noise, Hum Level: —90 db Below Rated Output.
- Sensitivity: .4 Volt for 20 Watts Output.
- Remote Control: Model LH-21 Equalizer Controls All Functions and Off-On.

In presenting Models LH-21 Equalizer-Preamplifier and LH-20 Amplifier, LANGEVIN offers the listener a superb musical instrument built to the same professional standards of performance and reliability that have made LANGEVIN the criterion of excellence in professional audio circles around the world. Designed to provide the ultimate in listening pleasure, the two units provide armchair control of every function. Equalizer is handsomely finished to match any decor and amplifier is beautifully finished in black and chrome. For detailed specifications, call or write today.

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Critics Agree

your ear decides your listening pleasure

hear

STEPHENS

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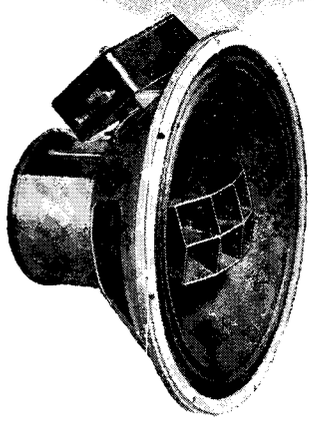

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Famous for their flawless clarity and full, rich mellow tones, Tru-Sonic Speakers will bring you thrilling new sound sensations full of emotional contentment.

Instruments of engineering genius, Tru-Sonic Speakers are a creation of the Nation's first *High Fidelity* pioneer.

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★ Heavy Die-Cast Aluminum Frame
★ Low Frequency Cone Resonance—35 c.p.s.
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FISHER RADIO CORPORATION (5)—Tuners, amplifiers, equalizers, filters, and other sound equipment, including the new FM-80 Fisher tuner and a new model 50-M Mixer Fader (R. 529-30).

***FREED ELECTRONICS AND CONTROLS CORP.**—Will show new Model-501 hi-fi tuner, with phono pre-amplifier with separate controls for high-frequency equalization and low crossover point, variable AFC (R. 542).

GARRARD SALES CORP. (6)—Garrard will introduce the new versions of the RC80 three-speed changer, the RC90 three-speed changer, and the Model-T three-speed manual player. All these units carry the Garrard four-pole heavy-duty motor, removable spindles, pusher platform, and balanced tone-arm (R. 650-2-3).

GENERAL ELECTRIC CO. (4)—Will show new tone-arms for twelve-inch and sixteen-inch records, as well as the new A-1-400 speaker. Another new feature is the blond hi-fi Ensemble Cabinet, which is a packaged unit for housing operating hi-fi components R. 531).

G AND H WOOD PRODUCTS (3)—Will show KR5, the latest and smallest in the Klipsch Rebel series, a twenty-inch corner horn (R. 719).

GRAY RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT CO., INC. (5)—Will introduce their new sixty-watt ultra-linear amplifier (R. 503).

***HARMON-KARDON, INC.**— New lines of tuners, amplifiers, and pre-amps, with emphasis on AM-FM tuner, twenty-watt ultralinear amplifier, etc. (R. 708).

***HAYDN SOCIETY, INC.** —Will exhibit their latest recordings plus some unreleased tests. The equipment will be by Brociner, using Electro-Sonic cartridges (R. 539).

***INTERELECTRONICS CORP.**—Will show their new Coronation pre-amplifier Equalizer Consolette, with special input and power for 16mm and 35mm movie projectors. Also new forty-watt amplifier with nine-loop feedback circuitry, which has provisions for power for electrostatic speaker and providing for variable damping (R. 620).

***INTERNATIONAL ELECTRONICS CORP.**—New Frazier-May wide-range speakers emphasizing cleanliness of reproduction, in medium price range. For the first time they will show a new speaker having twin seventy-inch exponential air column (R. 533).

Walco PRODUCTS

Just for the Record

WALCO
STATI-CLEAN
ANTI-STATIC
RECORD SPRAY

STOPS STATIC DUST. Walco Stati-Clean is your best defense against dust—major cause of record and needle wear. Stati-Clean spray cleans the disc surface, *stops static electricity* that attracts dust. Handling and "dusting" no longer builds up static. Stati-Clean improves fidelity, eliminates static "crackle." Lasts dozens of plays, no need to reapply each time. Tested safe—thousands sold. Complete with special applicator cloth.

WALCO
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PROTECTIVE SLEEVES FOR RECORDS

Walco DISCOVERS —now with the new *contoured* bottom—are the perfect answer to record protection. You slide your records into DISCOVERS, then into the original jacket. No more scratches, moisture or finger marks from handling. DISCOVERS seal out dust, protect against extremes of temperature, accidental spillage of liquids. They *keep* the sound safe and sound! Packaged 12 12-in. sleeves or 15 10-in. sleeves.

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FOR LONGER RECORD LIFE

The average jewel-tipped stylus is rated only about 20 to 60 hours of play, after which it develops a chisel-edged flat. This flat shears highs from your records, ruins groove walls. Periodic needle replacement is an *absolute necessity* for the serious music lover. You replace with the *finest* when you replace with Walco jewel needles (and the superb Walco Diamond)—first choice of major cartridge manufacturers.

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLETS ON NEEDLE AND RECORD CARE

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JEFF MARKELL ASSO. (4)—Featuring a new line of cabinets for the housing of home hi-fi installations (R. 608).

JENSEN MANUFACTURING CO. (5)—Will show new reproducers, including the Imperial three-way, the Model TP-200 Tri-Plex, the CT-100 Concerto two-way, and the Duette "Treasure Chest," and a new Laboratory Reference Standard Reproducer (R. 518-9).

KARLSON ASSO., INC. (3)—Is introducing a new twelve-inch speaker enclosure. Emphasis will be on new audio-optics technique, featuring reflection of sound off a wall with intent to produce illusion that music is coming out of entire wall space (R. 720).

***KRAL PRODUCTS**—Have a new record cleaning brush designed to fit all types of machines and adjustable to any height or width turntable (R. 743).

LAFAYETTE RADIO (5)—Has a new ten-watt amplifier that includes features generally associated with larger equipment, *e.g.* equalizes with sixteen playback characteristics, inputs for magnetic, ceramic, or crystal pickups, take-off jack for tape (R. 645-6).

***LANGEVIN MFG. CO.**—New models for home use of amplifiers widely employed in professional service (recording studios, broadcasting, etc.). Features armchair control of functions (R. 734).

LEONARD RADIO, INC. (6)—Will show all their 1955 models of amplifiers, tuners, record-players, speakers, cabinets, etc. There will be a display of records and tapes, both monaural and binaural (R. 536-7).

LONDON RECORDS (6)—Newest issues on the celebrated FFRR label, featuring operatic issues of latest date (R. 831).

MAGNECORD, INC. (5)—This year's feature their new M30 and M33 tape recorders, machines of professional standards but designed for home use (R. 604-5).

***S. B. MARANTZ**—An audio consolette, or pre-amp-equalizer, of quality construction and performance. Seven inputs, two output jacks, etc. (R. 704).

***MERCURY RECORD CORP.**—Will feature records in the Living Presence Classical Series and Emarcy jazz releases (R. 622).

MINNESOTA MINING AND MANUFACTURING CO. (3)—Being exhibited for the first time is the new "Scotch" Brand

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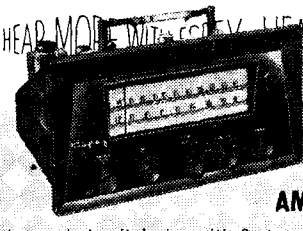

Model 710 17 TUBE AM-FM RECEIVER

Advanced circuit design with 2 stages of limiters driving a Foster-Seeley discriminator, drift-compensated oscillator plus automatic frequency control, maximum sensitivity obtained by tuned RF stages, built-in antennas, anti-hum control, pre-amp tube for magnetic cartridges, 23 db bass and treble controls, Williamson-type amplifier.

SENSITIVITY: 3 microvolts, AM; 5 microvolts, FM, for 30 db quieting. POWER OUTPUT: 12 watts with 1/4% total harmonic distortion. AUDIO RESPONSE: Flat within 1/2 db from 20 to 20,000 cycles. Hear quality sound reproduction in a one-chassis job. **$149.50**

Model 700 14 TUBE AM-FM TUNER

Similar construction and characteristics to tuner portion of Model 710 Receiver. Operates with Model 501 or any standard amplifier. **$119.50**

Model 501 8 TUBE AMPLIFIER

Williamson-type 24 watt audio power amplifier. AUDIO RANGE: 20 to 20,000 cycles—distortion less than 1/2%. Operates with Model 700 or any standard tuner. **$79.95**

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To the music lover the MIRACORD XA-100 has become a symbol of everything that could be asked for in a 3-speed automatic changer. Wow and rumble are eliminated and the "Pausamatic" feature allows the user to select "pause" time between records of from 5 seconds to 5 minutes. Send for descriptive literature to Dept. S10, or see this unit at leading distributors throughout the U. S.

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City.....Zone.....State.....

My Dealer is.....

Extra-Play Magnetic Tape No. 190A, offering a 50 per cent increase in playing time per reel (R. 508).

***NATIONAL CO., INC.**—Shows the new hi-fi "Horizon" line, including tuners and amplifiers (R. 611-5).

NEWCOMB AUDIO PRODUCTS (4)—Will show output transformers with cellulose-acetate insulation against humidity; controls go up to thirty-six recording curve combinations, and all equipment has mike and tape inputs and a tape output. A new twenty-five-cent booklet, "Hi-fi Is for Everybody," will be available (R. 623).

PENTRON CORP. (6)—Will feature the first East-Coast showing of the All-Electronic Orchestra, presenting six recording channels on one-half-inch tape. In addition, the complete Pentron line of six recorders, two players, and equipment for custom installations will be on show (R. 501-52-3).

PERMOFLUX CORP. (5)—Has a new hi-fi speaker system. Also a new low-cost hi-fi dynamic headset and an extension cord with control box for easy attachment to any speaker system (R. 640).

PICKERING AND CO., INC. (6)—The particular stress this year will be on the new miniature cartridges (models 220 and 240), mounted back to back for 78 and microgroove records respectively. All contacts are silver-plated for better electric connections (R. 624).

PILOT RADIO CORP. (3)—Will have a new line of AM-FM tuners, and a hi-fi portable phonograph (R. 729).

PRECISION ELECTRONICS (4)—Amplifiers and pre-amplifiers by Grommes (R. 520).

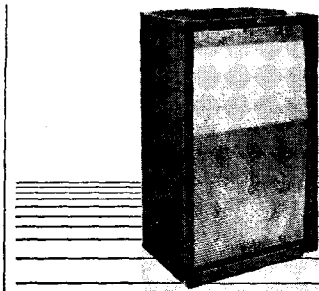
PRESTO RECORDING CORP. (6)—Have a new transcription three-speed turntable, a new three-speed hi-fi turntable, and new medium-priced professional tape recorders (R. 621).

RADIO CRAFTSMEN, INC. (6)—New models of FM-AM tuners and pre-amp-equalizers, also amplifiers and pre-amp-equalizers separately (R. 726).

REEVES SOUNDCRAFT CORP. (6)—Features this year the new "Plus-50" magnetic recording tape, with emphasis on the increased length of playing time (R. 603).

REGENCY DIV.—IDEA INC. (3)—Will exhibit their complete and expanded line of amplifiers and tuners (R. 724).

REK-O-KUT CO. (6)—Are showing a new three-speed turntable with hysteresis



it takes a horn

for smooth, deep-down lows

You can add a full octave of crisp, clean bass to your Jim Lansing Signature Speaker by mounting it in the Signature Model 34 Back-Loaded Folded Horn. Within this handsome enclosure is an exponential horn path six feet long, folded to occupy 39" x 23" x 22" — a size acceptable in any living room. The 34 may be used equally well in a corner or against a flat wall. It is designed to house the 15" D130 Extended Range Speaker or the D001 two-way System with Koustical Lens. Fine Signature sound equipment is available at sound or audio equipment dealers throughout the country.

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YOUR TAPE RECORDER IS ONLY AS GOOD AS THE TAPE YOU USE!

600 feet on plastic reel.....net $2.10
1200 feet on plastic reel.....net 3.30
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synchronous motor, dimensioned to fit the space ordinarily required for installing changers, thus providing more advantageous size-efficiency ratio (R. 636).

***REVERE CAMERA CO.**—Tape recorder in compact models, featuring carrying cases of unusual design. (R. 527-8).

RJ AUDIO PRODUCTS, INC. (6)—Speaker enclosures and combinations, in bookshelf size with specially designed Wharfedale speaker (R. 650-1-2-3).

ROCKBAR CORP. (3)—Is to show a tabletop cabinet for their Collaro changer, a combination consisting of an intermix changer with shell mounted on base and wired, and the GPE-050 which is a G.E. cartridge mounted in the Collaro shell (R. 641).

HERMON HOSMER SCOTT, INC. (6)—Have produced a new laboratory amplifier, the 210-C Dynaural, a complete twenty-three-watt unit including noise suppressor (R. 642).

MARK SIMPSON MFG. CO., INC. (6)—No new exhibits, but the usual line of amplifiers, public-address systems, and inter-communication systems (R. 543).

SONEX, INC. (2)—The new Sonex feature is a sixty-watt amplifier using the Acrosound TO-330 output transformer and push-pull parallel KT-66 output tubes. There is also a new all-feedback pre-amplifier with step type bass and treble controls (R. 743).

SONOTONE CORP. (2)—New line of quality loudspeakers, amplifiers specially designed for use with ceramic cartridges, of which a new model will also be shown (R. 740).

***STANDARD WOOD PRODUCTS CORP.**—The new models are to include twin separable equipment and speaker cabinets in modern and traditional design (R. 517).

STEPHENS MANUFACTURING CORP. (6)—Loudspeakers with enclosures, and new models of microphones (R. 601-2).

STROMBERG-CARLSON CO. (6)—An extensive series of amplifiers, speakers, and cabinets are featured among the new products of this company (R. 540).

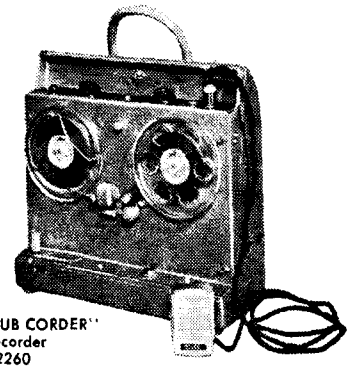
TANNOY (AMERICA), LTD. (4)—Will show a new hi-fi amplifier and pre-amplifier, with twelve-watt output and less than 0.7 per cent distortion. Provision is made for many different recording characteristics (R. 715).

***TECHNICAL TAPE CORP.**—Showing production stages indicative of tape qual-

Here's the SMALLEST

PORTABLE TAPE RECORDER

Only 14" wide—weighs 15 lbs.
Handy carrying case includes cover.



Bell "CUB CORDER" Tape Recorder Model 2260

Pick it up and carry it as you would a portable typewriter . . . get the sounds you want to recall right on the spot . . . business conversations, children's talk, radio and TV programs, music.

This famous Bell "CUB CORDER" Model 2260 operates from self-contained battery, records from microphone supplied with unit. Plays back through external amplifier, headphones, radio speaker, or through mike which doubles as headphone. Battery rechargeable from cigarette lighter of car, or with AC charger.

This fine recorder operates 1 hour overall at 3¾" per second speed; ½ hour overall at 7½" speed. Handsome streamlined case has storage space for mike and tape and provision for shoulder strap. Unit is complete with crystal mike, charging cable, batteries, battery syringe, 5" reel of tape (type A) and empty takeup reel. **$149.50**

See it and try it at any of our outlets or at Room 832, Audio Fair, Hotel New Yorker, Oct. 14, 15, 16, 17, or shipped express, postpaid on receipt of remittance.

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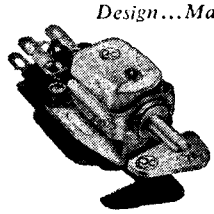
In every field of endeavor . . . manufacturing, the theatre, concert or contest . . . there is always one standout. In HI-FI the standout is Pickering . . . pioneer in this field, responsible for the introduction of outstanding components for highest quality performance; every Pickering product is engineered and manufactured to conquer the challenge of optimum performance . . . It's with good reason that professionals use Pickering Components . . . they know the values built into Pickering equipment.



INVESTIGATE and you too will use Pickering Components for your HI-FI system. . . . You'll thrill to new listening experiences . . . you'll have the same high quality performance as leading FM/AM good music stations, network and recording studios . . . REMEMBER, leading record companies use Pickering Components for quality control.

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Newcomb simplifies hi-fi by combining in one tiny, beautiful package a quality-engineered 12-watt amplifier, pre-amplifier and control unit. Offers a greater range of sound control. Needs no cabinet. Just plug it in, connect it to a record changer and speaker. Display it with pride — a decorator's delight! Easy to move — ideal for apartments. For years to come your records will give you incomparable music — true high fidelity!

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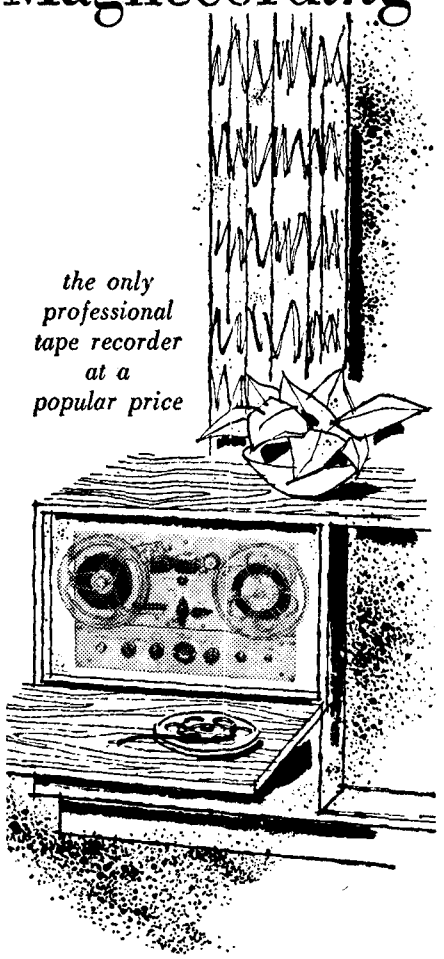
Magnecording



the only professional tape recorder at a popular price

Just listen . . . you'll realize immediately that the new M30 and M33 Magnecorders are unrivalled for sheer range and brilliance, yet they cost no more. For home, business, and school, you'll want the "old pro," the Magnecorder — the most widely used professional tape recorder in the world.

Your Magnecord dealer is listed in the classified telephone directory — see "recorders."

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ity and demonstrating with Encore "treasure tape" copies of outstanding disc recordings now available to the public (R. 551).

TELECTROSONIC CORP. (3)—Tape transport mechanisms for installation or portable, for seven-inch reels, dual track, one hour. Emphasis will also be placed on the inexpensive Model-880 Portable Recorder (R. 525).

TETRAD CO., INC. (5)—Special features to be shown this year by this stylus company are to include antique phonographs in playing condition, and microscope and shadowgraph inspection of visitors' styli. Replicas of the world's famous diamonds are to be shown (R. 733).

THORENS CO. (4)—A Swiss firm that makes changers, players, transcription turntables, and complete phonographs. This year's novelty is a lightweight spring-wound portable LP player, with amplifier and speaker that operate either on line voltage or with a battery (R. 541).

TUNG-SOL ELECTRIC, INC. (3)—An exhibition of electron tubes with a new type for hi-fi (R. 633).

UNIVERSITY LOUDSPEAKERS, INC. (6)—Many new features including co-ax speakers, woofers, complete multi-speaker systems, enclosures, tweeters, filters, crossover networks, and reproducers. University will demonstrate in co-operation with the Pentron "All-Electronic Orchestra" (R. 501-2-3).

V-M CORP. (4)—Main feature will be V-M's entry into the tape field with their Model-700 recorder. V-M will also show two new hi-fi phonographs, including the portable Model-556 (R. 741).

WEBSTER-CHICAGO CORP. (6)—The new addition is a console hi-fi unit with ten-watt push-pull amplifier and three speakers. Also the usual phonographs, recorders, changers, radios, and clock radios (R. 535-6).

WESTMINSTER RECORDING CO., INC. (2)—Are introducing the W-LAB-7000 series laboratory records made specifically for the finest equipment (R. 736).

STAN WHITE, INC. (3)—Will show an entirely new line of components for speakers and amplifiers (R. 706).

***WILCOX-GAY CORP.**—Exhibiting for the first time will display tape and disk recorders, both console and portable, as well as an ample line of accessories for this equipment (R.701).

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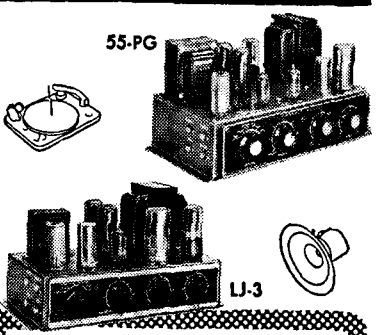
HI-FI AMPLIFIERS



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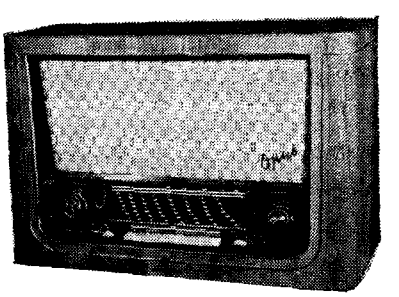

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Audio Bookshelf

Continued from page 57

pedia of Recorded Music" (Sidgwick, via London Records, $9.25), a second Record Year addendum to the **"Record Guide,"** by Sackville-West and Shawe-Taylor (Collins, via British Book Centre, $6.75), and the UNESCO **"International Catalogue of Recorded Folk Music,"** edited by Norman Fraser (International Folk Music Council, via Oxford, $2.80). And dealing with even more specialized phonographic repertories, but in their limited fields meeting very real needs, there are the **"Reviews of Selected Recordings of Jewish Music"** (National Jewish Music Council, 145 East 32nd St., New York City 16, $1) and the first of a series of booklets for the HMV **"History of Music in Sound"**—the handbooks for Vols. 2 ("Early Medieval Music to 1300") and 3 ("Ars Nova and the Renaissance"), edited by Dom Anselm Hughes, which are furnished to purchasers of RCA Victor IM-6015/6, but also may be obtained separately (Oxford, $1.75 each).

Yet the potentially major general works are still to come. What is likely to be the last of the one-volume, one-man (actually it's turned out to require another for completion) critical surveys of the whole recorded repertory is finally in press and may be expected before the end of the year, newly titled as **"The David Hall Disc Book, Edited by Abner Levin"** (Long Player Publications). If the length of time it has taken to prepare (it was originally announced for 1952!) is any index, this should be an impressive tome, but until I've been proved wrong I'll earnestly maintain that nowadays the tast of discographic evaluation is best distributed among several authorities in specialized fields. The test of this contention will be made soon, when the anticipated Knopf series of selective critical studies is launched early in 1955, led by *SR*'s Irving Kolodin's **"Orchestral Music on LP,"** which will be followed shortly thereafter by companion surveys of vocal music by Philip L. Miller and solo instrumental and chamber music by Harold C. Schonberg.

Turning to the next of the rough categories used last fall, that of general-public "audio books" (i.e., those dealing with sound recording and reproduction, and its necessary equipment and accessories, in non- or semi-technical terms), we find that our shelf space must be almost doubled for the last year's output. If you begrudge every inch, I won't discourage you from skipping Newitt's **"High Fidelity Techniques"** (Rinehart; *SR* Nov. 28), but even if its present tiny dimensions were tripled you couldn't afford to deny room—and careful study—to Weiler's booklet on **"The Wear and Care of Records and Styli"** (Climax; *SR* June 26). And even in advance I can safely predict a wide welcome for the immediately forthcoming Greene and Radcliffe **"New High Fidelity Handbook"** (Crown)—a completely revised version of the popular **"Make Music Live"** originally published by McBride (*SR* Apr. 26, 1952) and later reissued by Crown as **"The High Fidelity Handbook."** It goes without saying, of course, that a similar welcome awaits the projected revised edition of the justly acclaimed Canby-Kolodin **"Saturday Review Home Book of Recorded Music and Sound Reproduction"** (Prentice-Hall; *SR* Apr. 26, 1952), for which no definite 1955 date has yet been set.

The only other recently published hardcover book in this field is one that even the novice hobbyist is likely to find too elementary, but some laymen may be enticed into home workshop activities by **"The Amateur's Guide to TV, Record Player, Hi-Fi, and Radio Repairs,"** prepared by the editors of *Popular Science* (Garden City, $2.95). Its section dealing with audio equipment is brief and superficial; a full-fledged hobbyist is likely to find more information, both theoretical and practical, in two paperbacks: Fidelman's **"Guide to Audio Reproduction"** (Rider, $3.50), which is a more advanced—and much more pedestrian—companion to Weiler's famous **"High Fidelity Simplified"** (Rider; *SR* Apr. 25), and **"High-Fidelity Design, Construction, and Measurement,"** edited by Martin Clifford (Gernsback Publications, $1.50).

For the audiophile first seeking his way into the tangled jungles of technicalities, anxious only to learn enough to help him in more intelligent equipment selection and operation, rather than in actual construction and repairs, two surprising introductory works are the little pamphlet by Biancoli and Bogen, **"Understanding High Fidelity"** (David Bogen Co., 29 Ninth Ave., New York City 14, 25¢), and the 142-page paperback booklet by Donald C. Hefler, **"Hi-Fi Manual"** (Fawcett Books, 75¢). The last is one of the real curios of audio literature, for it looks more like a dealer's catalogue than a book, and it is more likely to be found at newsstands and supermarkets than in orthodox bookshops. Yet, although it is entirely non-critical (manufacturers' descriptions of their equipments seem to be taken at full face-value) and although its "theory" elu-

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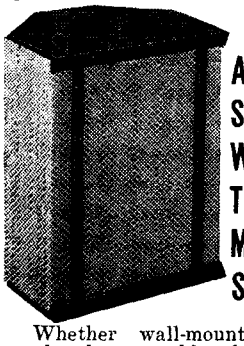
Don't Miss:
The Saturday Review's comprehensive presentation of "THE PACIFIC" in the October 23rd issue.

cidations are by no means wholly reliable, nevertheless it contains an extraordinary amount of useful and quite up-to-date information, effectively and lavishly illustrated. At its price, few audiophiles miss it.

The only other book in the "general audio" class which I happen to know is being prepared for 1955 publication is—by hardly strange coincidence—my own **"Good Sound"** (Knopf). But undoubtedly there will be others. In any case, all those mentioned deal to some extent, if only in passing, with the currently most active of all audio phenomena—magnetic-tape equipment and techniques. But what probably will be a real outpouring of specialized tape studies is still only a trickle. Except for the recent **"How to Service Tape Recorders,"** by C. A. Tuthill (Rider, $2.90), and the highly technical (and sadly antiquated) **"Magnetic Recording,"** by S. J. Begun (Murray Hill, 1949, $5), practising and potential tapeworms must wait until the turn of the year, when Harold C. Weiler's anticipated **"Tape Recorders and Tape Recording"** is scheduled to arrive (Climax, $2.95). However, in case it's been overlooked earlier (as, lamentably, in my last fall's survey), there is a superb little introductory booklet, C. J. LeBel's **"Fundamentals of Magnetic Recording"** (available on responsible request from Audio Devices, Inc., 444 Madison Ave., New York City 22—as is a symposium booklet of articles on the educational uses of tape recorders, **"The Teacher Talks About Sound Recording"**).

The final category, of strictly technical, scholarly books, boasts even more substantial accomplishments and prospects, and I hope no truly serious audiophile will be frightened off by the somewhat forbidding and expensive nature of at least some of these authoritative studies. They may be heavy enough to require a solid bottom shelf, but while they are not—and aren't intended to be—"easy" reading, they are by no means impenetrable. Except at the most superficial level audio isn't an easy or a simple subject. If you really want to come to grips with its basic problems (and catch clear glimpses of its almost infinitely extensible boundaries), you're going to have to make some demands on both your intelligence and imagination. Fortunately, however, the best and most nearly "definitive" works here (as in so many other fields) are written by men who not only are expert teachers and investigators, but also are gifted expositors. I can cite as pertinent examples two outstanding contemporary names and the greatest of all past giants in the world of sound: Leo L. Beranek, Frederick V. Hunt, and Heinrich Helmholtz.

ANOTHER KLIPSCH DESIGN by Cabinart



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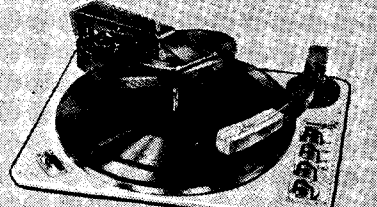

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1072

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. French physicist whose name we use constantly (1775-1836).	35 5 33 63 72 157
B. Describing parents of Alexander Hamilton.	60 28 173 13 128
C. The first master of painter van Dyck (1575-1632).	119 155 131 3 54
D. Great district of Africa which may have been King Solomon's source of his "gold of Ophir."	22 88 163 40 151 76 98 75
E. Describing Swiss first-line troops.	67 49 11 162 16
F. Scrub baseball team (slang; with "the").	124 118 48 152 69 117 80 90 57
G. What James sat down on ("When We Were Very Young").	78 169 115 158 58
H. Improvement.	45 52 34 149 100 184 43
I. What remains; the others (3 wds.).	4 147 101 99 159 111 183 168
J. Phrase balancing "days of labor" in the Arab prayer "Salaam Alaikum" (3 wds.).	116 153 185 66 87 30 95 145 135 126 167 102
K. Another name for Sher Khan (2 wds.; d. 1545).	82 31 139 25 133 154 27 103
L. Sharklike.	8 44 134 127 112 182 9 62
M. Animate.	77 176 181 171
N. Book whose daily recital is obligatory on all in major orders, R.C. Church.	138 110 175 156 130 104 68 59

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
O. Robin's prophetic song (2 wds.).	143 1 64 177 114 122 148
P. In the van.	179 15 47 7 97
Q. Colloq. for hubbub.	10 53 142 29 144 96 73 94
R. Punctual; sufficiently early (2 wds.).	18 42 65 89 123 170
S. Amer. pioneer in vaccination against smallpox (1771-1843).	61 120 21 85 92
T. Specifying an elevation level with one's vision (2 wds.).	83 81 37 150 20 32 136 125 164
U. Kind of "bomb" used in warfare to conceal movements of troops, etc.	26 160 93 91 166
V. Place of concealment.	174 39 12 146 84 129 24 50
W. Any gastropod.	51 74 178 2 107 132 121 6
X. Familiar slang, to betray, practise deceit (comp., not in Webster).	14 79 113 105 41 55 137
Y. Colloq. for to allow an opponent to win, as by corrupt prearrangement.	172 165 17 141 106
Z. Unseemly frivolity or jocularity.	140 46 70 86 108 56
Z¹. At any future period.	71 19 161 38 180 23 36 109

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered squares of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

■	1 O	2 W	3 C	4 I	■	5 A	6 W	■	7 P	8 L	■	9 L	■	10 Q	11 E	12 V
13 B	■	14 X	15 P	16 E	■	17 Y	18 R	19 Z¹	20 T	21 S	■	22 D	23 Z¹	24 V	25 K	26 U
■	27 K	28 B	29 Q	■	30 J	31 K	32 T	33 A	34 H	■	35 A	36 Z¹	37 T	■	38 Z¹	39 V
40 D	41 X	42 R	43 H	■	44 L	45 H	46 Z	47 P	48 F	49 E	50 V	■	51 W	52 H	53 Q	54 C
■	55 X	56 Z	■	57 F	58 G	59 N	■	60 B	61 S	62 L	63 A	64 O	■	65 R	66 J	67 E
■	68 N	69 F	70 Z	71 Z¹	72 A	■	73 Q	74 W	■	75 D	■	76 D	77 M	78 G	79 X	80 F
81 T	■	82 K	83 T	84 V	85 S	■	86 Z	■	87 J	88 D	89 R	90 F	91 U	■	92 S	93 U
94 Q	■	95 J	96 Q	97 P	■	98 D	99 I	■	100 H	101 I	■	102 J	103 K	104 N	105 X	■
106 Y	107 W	108 Z	109 Z¹	110 N	■	111 I	112 L	113 X	114 O	115 G	116 J	117 F	■	118 F	119 C	120 S
121 W	122 O	■	123 R	124 F	■	125 T	126 J	127 L	128 B	■	129 V	130 N	131 C	132 W	■	133 K
134 L	135 J	136 T	137 X	■	138 N	139 K	140 Z	141 Y	142 Q	■	143 O	144 Q	■	145 J	146 V	147 I
148 O	■	149 H	150 T	151 D	152 F	■	153 J	■	154 K	155 C	156 N	157 A	■	158 G	159 I	160 U
161 Z¹	■	162 E	163 D	■	164 T	165 Y	166 U	■	167 J	168 I	169 G	170 R	171 M	172 Y	■	173 B
174 V	175 N	176 M	177 O	■	178 W	■	179 P	180 Z¹	■	181 M	182 L	183 I	184 H	185 J	■	■

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 32 of this issue.

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